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IN THE SNOW.

Hear how my friend the robin sings!
That little hunchback in the snow,
As it comes down as fast as rain.
The air is cold, the wind doth blow,
And still his heart can feel no pain.

And I, with heart as light as his,
And to my ankles deep in snow,
Hold up a fist as cold as Death's,
And into it I laugh and blow—
I laugh and blow my life's warm
breath.

W. H. Davies.

The New Statesman

ON FOOT.

No bridge for me with easy span, Rather a shallow, brawling ford, Where I may venture as a man Upon the errands of my Lord, And plunge and struggle and be glad When once across, for slips I had.

No bed for me so soft and high,
I sleep this autumn night aground;
My camp-fire's red all night so nigh,
My star-spied sleep not over-sound.
How oft I wake and stare to see
If yet the East has news for me!

No altar set with lacquered brass,
But granite gray, with lichen dight
Wears gallant orange for my Mass—
How blue my dome, how amber
bright!
Bellman and bedesman mounts the Day

Bellman and bedesman mounts the Day An "Ite missa est" to say.

At table of the dew-cold earth
I break my fast, then lift my load
With lonely freedom for my mirth,
With hope for spur and faith for goad
No wings or wheels for me, but grace
To go my footsore Master's pace.

A. C. Cripps.

GOD'S HILLS.

In our hill-country of the North,
The rainy skies are soft and gray,
And rank on rank the clouds go forth,
And rain in orderly array
Treads the mysterious flanks of hills
That stood before our race began,

And still shall stand when Sorrow spills Her last tear on the dust of man.

There shall the mists in beauty break.
And clinging tendrils finely drawn,
A rose and silver glory make
About the silent feet of dawn;
Till Gable clears his iron sides
And Bowfell's wrinkled front appears,
And Scawfell's clustered might derides

The menace of the marching years.

The tall men of that noble land
Who share such high companionship,
Are scorners of the feeble hand,
Contemners of the faltering lip.
When all the ancient truths depart,
In every strait that men confess,
Stands in the stubborn Cumbrian heart
The spirit of that steadfastness.

In quiet valleys of the hills

The humble gray stone crosses lie,
And all day long the curlew shrills

And all day long the wind goes by.
But on some stifling alien plain

The flesh of Cumbrian men is thrust
In shallow pits, and cries in vain

To mingle with its kindred dust.

Yet those make death a little thing
Who know the settled works of God,
Winds that heard Latin watchwords
ring
From represents where the Reman

From ramparts where the Roman trod.

Stars that beheld the last King's crown Flash in the steel-gray mountain tarn.

And ghylls that cut the live rock down Before Kings ruled in Ispahan.

And when the sun at even dips
And Sabbath bells are sad and sweet,
When some wan Cumbrian mother's
lips

Pray for the son they shall not greet As falls that sudden dew of grace Which makes for her the riddle plain, The South wind blows to our own place, And we shall see the hills again.

Edward Melbourne.

The New Witness.

THE UNITED STATES AND GERMANY.

The measure of the newly-announced German submarine warfare will have been taken before America is ready to strike, or even perhaps before a decision to strike has been reached. War between the United States and Germany is not at all an evitable outcome of the present strained relations between the two countries. History is made in haste these days, and each passing twenty-four hours records some event of world-wide import. It is even possible, therefore, that before these lines are in print the German Government will have committed itself to a complete defiance of America or that some German agency will have accomplished that "overt act" demanded of fate by President Wilson before he calls upon his country to take the sword in hand.

Even so, and even if America is going to be drawn into the war, that country will proceed with measured and deliberate pace towards whatever destiny awaits her under the markedly restrained leadership of the President. With Congress lies the sole power to declare war, but it is well understood that Congress will not be called upon to make this definite announcement under any circumstances if the present intentions and plans of President Wilson are allowed to prevail. program he has laid down for himself has been frankly intimated. hope is that Germany will withdraw the recent declaration of unrestricted submarine warfare and return to the status of the agreement reached between the two Governments after the episode of the Sussex.

If no arrangement to this effect is reached, the policy of "watchful waiting" will prevail until an act is committed by Germany in violation of the principles then agreed upon.

Acting immediately upon such violation, the President will ask Congress for authority and means to take such steps as may be necessary to protect American life and property at sea and on land. It will be noted that even then the United States will not be formally at war with Germany, though the steps that would be taken by the President under the aforesaid authorization by Congress would have been interpreted as hostile acts in the relations of any two Governments yet recorded in history, ancient or modern.

It will be recalled that Germany, in her reply to the so-called Sussex Note from the United States, pledged herself to respect the laws of humanity and the rights of neutrals in her submarine warfare, but reserved the right to change this policy should the United States Government fail to persuade the Allies to modify their blockade of Germany. The United States Government accepted the agreement of the German Government to refrain from "frightfulness" at sea and ignored the condition attached thereto, excepting that in a subsequent communication to Germany that country was informed that no agreement between the United States and Germany could be made contingent upon the relations or the dealings of the United States with any other country. That the German Government had in mind a future reversal of policy was believed at the time and is now confirmed by the events of the past few weeks.

The purpose of Germany has been laconically stated by the German submarine commander who informed the captain of a captured merchant vessel that he had orders to "sink all vessels going to England," this comprehensive order covering neutrals

as well as belligerents, hospital ships as well as transports, and "liners" as The official well as freight-carriers. announcement of the intention to indulge in unrestricted submarine warfare in direct violation of the Sussex agreement led to the break in diplomatic relations between the United and Germany at the in-States stance of the United States Government, and the President has refused to discuss the situation with Germany unless the previous status is again reverted to. The purpose of Germany in plain, and it may be said that the German bluff has succeeded, temporarily at least, in largely decreasing the amount of shipping available for Altied needs. A considerable number of ships have been sunk by German submarines, though probably no more than would have been destroyed in like manner even if the break with the United States had not come about. Holland, Sweden, Norway, and Denmark have ceased to send their own ships to England, however, and for at least two weeks after the German declaration went into force no American vessels sailed from American ports for belligerent destination.

The United States is so far the only neutral country that has called the German bluff by sending ships to sea, thus inviting a "hostile act" on the part of Germany. The real test of the case as it now rests between the United States and Germany will be the treatment accorded to American passenger boats carrying no contraband, and which in their character and the purpose of their errand are entitled to travel the seas without risk and to enter any port over which a legal blockade has not been estab-The boats of the so-called lished. American Line come under this classification. The managers of this line have applied to the United States

Government for guns with which to arm their vessels. Whether the Government will furnish such guns (they cannot be obtained elsewhere) has not been decided in Washington at this writing, but it seems well within the bounds of possibility that the American Government might not agree to participate in any way directly or indirectly in the arming of merchant vessels until affairs had reached that stage when it was to be announced officially that force would be generally employed to emphasize the American position.

There is another point that might or might not have some influence in the case of the American Line, and that is the general belief that the line is held in belligerent ownership, in this case British, and is under the direction and management of the White Star. The boats sail under the American flag, and the officers are American citizens, as required by law, but nearly all of them are of British origin, having become Americans by the process of naturalization to retain their positions. Less than ten years ago out of thirty-four officers of the American Line passenger service from New York but one was a native-born American, and several of the ex-British officers retained their rating in the British Naval Reserve. The German Government is well informed as to this state of affairs, and cherished therefore no illusions as to the sentiments prevailing among the personnel of these ships. Legally, however, a naturalized American is on a par with a native-born, and a ship under American register is entitled to the protection of the American Government whether in foreign ownership or not. The only effect this belligerent control of American ships might have is to induce a certain amount of caution in allowing these boats to make a voyage under arms that might be looked upon as a

test of German intentions. It is also useful to bear in mind at this time that for Germany to sink an American vessel carrying contraband, so long as the lives and safety of the crew were provided for, would not be a violation of the pledges given to America in the reply to the Sussex Note. Many American ships will probably be sunk under these circumstances, but there can be no cause for complaint on the part of the American Government unless American lives are lost or it is proved that these vessels were not carrying contraband supplies to the belligerents.

The peace-at-any-price faction in America, led by W. J. Bryan and largely assisted and financed by pro-Germans, naturalized and unnaturalized is raising a dreadful clamor. It is under such conditions as now prevail, and which were not unforeseen by the German Government, that Germany expects some return for the millions spent in pro-German and pro-peace propaganda; and there is no question but that the investment is now yielding a fairly good rate of interest in the confusion brought about. President Wilson is a pacifist of the most determined kind, and he will leave no road untraveled to keep America out of the war. His hand was forced by Germany in that, in the face of American indignation, he could do no less than give the German Ambassador his passports, but in his eyes, and in those of a vast number of Americans, this meant no more than a reprimand, one, it was believed, that would bring Germany to her senses and remove the danger of war.

Germany does not want war with the United States—at least, not a state of war that would last long enough to enable America to make preparation for offensive action—but took the risk, perhaps rightfully believing it was not serious, so that

neutral traffic between England and the Continent would cease, American traffic be hindered or delayed for a time at least, and the movement towards peace gain impetus from the sufferings of neutrals as well as belligerents. Knowing that the United States was the only country that could protest with effect, it was, and still is, believed in Berlin that the evil hour with America might be indefinitely postponed through new negotiations, the reluctance of President Wilson to go to war, and the unpreparedness of the United States; and that in the meantime headway could be made against the Allies through the loss of tonnage by submarines and the still greater loss through the cessation of neutral traffic.

That the great decision is to be reached this year is the belief of the German Government as well as that of the Allied peoples. For that reason Germany believed the time had come for her to use her one weapon at sea with unrestricted fury in defiance of all neutral opinion or even action. If the German submarines can do what the German people hope they can, the major part of their work will be over in three or four months. It is believed in Berlin that European neutrals can be held impotent for that length of time by mere threats, and that America can either be talked into inaction for a like period, or that it will take even longer than that for America to prepare to take an active part in the war, no matter how stern her purpose may become. Opposed to the success of this plan is the power of the Allies to largely overcome the menace of the submarines. If this effort is successful, and there now seems little doubt but that it will be, neutral shipping will soon again accept the risks of the sea even to the extent of entering the area proscribed by German decree, and the Washington Government gives

signs of refusing to be talked into inaction or new agreements as suggested by Germany.

The power of the United States to assist the Allies is not under-rated by the German Government. trusted agents in America are men of weight in business and social life. Its late Ambassador in Washington is a shrewd and well-informed judge of American resources and the forces at work in the country to which he was so long accredited. Berlin has had no lack of information from the American Ambassador in Berlin as to the purpose and determination of the American Government. It is with deliberation and with open eyes that the German Government is playing its submarine game. It may be the act of madmen, but there is method in it. It is the act of a gambler willing to risk his final stake on a single chance in hope of recovering a fortune already lost, or at the worst of leaving the game with enough advantage to save his face.

President Wilson did not hesitate to sever diplomatic relations with Germany when it became apparent his promise to do so was ripe for fulfilment, but it was in the belief that such action did not make war inevitable; in fact, quite the contrary. It required the employment of no armed force and committed the country to no act of armed reprisal. It once more placed the blame upon Germany for what might follow. It was hoped, and probably believed, in Washington that rather than precipitate an armed conflict with the United States Germany would eventually weaken in her position to such an extent, at least, as to provide Mr. Wilson with a non-military method of escape from a call to arms. That this idea prevailed is shown in the fact that Count Bernstorff was dismissed by President Wilson in agreement with his entire Cabinet and the

Foreign Affairs Committee of the In the Cabinet are several noted pacifists, among them being Mr. Daniels, by grace of political expediency the Secretary of the Navy. The Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee is Senator Stone. of Missouri, known to his constituents as "Old Bill Stone," another pacifist of most pronounced type and in great measure a pro-German. His position as Chairman of such a Committee is not due to any particular strength of character, knowledge of foreign affairs, or, in fact, knowledge of any of the larger activities of the world such as broaden and develop the mind of man. He was the ranking Democratic member of the Committee when Mr. Wilson was elected and the Democrats came into power-hence his chairmanship.

The ranking Republican on the Committee is Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, of Massachusetts, the bestinformed man in Congress on foreign affairs and a distinguished man of letters and statecraft. Had the Republicans remained in power, Senator Lodge would have become the Chairman of the Committee, and if for no other reason in these vivid days it is a loss to America and the cause of righteousness that this was not so. Senator Lodge, although in political opposition, has loyally supported President Wilson in all his efforts to resist German aggression, and has been his fearless and effective critic whenever he seemed laggard. It may safely be assumed that when Mr. Wilson secured the unanimous support of the Cabinet and of the Committee on Foreign Affairs for his proposed dismissal of the German Ambassador it was believed such action would induce Germany to repent or that actual war with Germany was a most remote possibility. Statements made by Senator Stone in the days that followed confirm this

opinion, and we also have the remarkable episode of Mr. Daniels, Secretary of the Navy, letting down the bars of the wireless service for Mr. Bryan and his friends to inform Berlin that President Wilson's action must not be taken too seriously; that if Germany would but intimate further concessions to the United States, all would be well.

It is not impossible to conceive of this coterie of Southern Democrats deciding to call the German bluff and "go them one better," with an unfailing belief in the strategy that has raised many a poker-player from penury to wealth. If this interpretation of the support given President Wilson is correct, the reluctance shown by Washington in permitting American vessels to put to sea and the further hesitation shown in furnishing guns for such vessels as were willing and ready to go if armed may be understood. The two vessels that did leave before February 15th sailed for Bordeaux. Such a course is not quite so dangerous as the route to These vessels are carrying England. If they are stopped, contraband. their crews safely landed, and the vessels sunk there will be no violation of the Sussex agreement with America. The real test of the present intentions of Germany towards American commerce will only come when an American vessel carrying American citizens sets sail for England with no contraband goods in cargo. If this vessel is destroyed, and especially if any lives are lost through gun-fire or exposure, no evasion of responsibility will be possible for Germany or for the United States Government. In these winter days there have been few cases where the crews of vessels so destroyed have been landed in England without the loss of one or more of the crew or severe injury to many.

There is always the hope as well in

Washington that "pending negotiations" German submarines will refrain from war-inducing "frightfulness" at the sight of the American flag. Count Bernstorff intimated as much before he left America, and the seed he sowed so skilfully has already borne fruit. If, after all is said and done, Germany deliberately and cold-bloodedly carries out her threat to America to sink all ships approaching the English coast, President Wilson and his advisers, however great may be their horror of war and however determined they may be to keep the country out of war, will be, as would be said in America, "up against it." Public opinion will compel him to take action, but just what he will do no man can say. Congress will give him the authority and the means to attempt the protection of American life and property, but it seems to be universally believed in America that such measures will even then fall short of an unlimited participation in the war, as is desired by many Americans and is expected in Europe.

A localized effort has been hinted at. A purely defensive war at sea and preparation for home defense on land. It is difficult to conceive of the present Government of the United States undertaking an offensive war against Germany under all the circumstances as they stand today. Germany is already at war in the United States and in surrounding territory. man propagandists are tirelessly at work in the attempt to confuse and undermine public opinion. German ships in American harbors have been rendered useless, and in all probability there are under way far more serious undertakings against the peace and safety of the American people. German agents are coaching Carranza in his impudence to the country to which he owes his present ascendancy in Mexican affairs. German agents are fomenting

revolution in Cuba with considerable President Wilson and his friends free themselves from one German net but to become entangled in the meshes of another. It is the desire of Germany that the Austrian Ambassador should remain in Washington to take over the work of the Central Powers from which the German Ambassador has been forcibly separated. It is reported that Washington is not averse to the continued presence of the Austrian Ambassador, that there may be a direct channel maintained through which communications to and from Berlin may quickly and easily flow. It is a situation that if Washington really believed war to be inevitable could not exist for a single moment.

There is only one possible explanation of all these doubts, hesitations, and incongruities, and that is the lack of intention on the part of the Government to push the controversy with Germany to quick or final conclusion of such a kind as would bring war in its train without delay. If this is not so, and President Wilson is convinced that Germany intends to give cause for war, it must follow that the defensive program so broadly hinted at is the one that it is intended to adopt. That this would even go so far as the convoying of American merchant ships into foreign harbors is doubtful. It would more likely take the form of considerable activity in the direction of increasing home defenses and of extending greater facilities to the Allies in their conduct of the war. A Bill to allow Allied naval vessels to use American harbors as a base of operations for their patrol of the Atlantic has been introduced in Congress, but whether it becomes a law or not depends upon the developments of the days to come. Greater efforts would be made to furnish the Allies with such supplies as they need in the

form of money, munitions, and food. In other words, the policy President Wilson may have in mind is merely to look after home defense and allow the benevolent neutrality of the past to develop into something even stronger and more effective.

It has been held by many Americans who are pro-Ally in their sympathies that America at peace was more valuable to Britain and her friends than America at war, and their argument has been illustrated during the past few weeks. With a severance of diplomatic relations with Germany came a cessation of that great work the American Diplomatic Corps has done for British interests in Germany and elsewhere. Americans in charge of the relief work in Belgium have been compelled to turn it over to others. American Red Cross and hospital units have been compelled to leave all territory under German rule. In America itself certain firms supplying the Allies with war materials have been notified that they must now devote their efforts towards furnishing the American Army and Navy with what it may Should war actually come, America will be compelled to restrict export for a time until at least her own stores are filled to the emergency point.

Under the circumstances of this war, however, such restriction of export would not necessarily be for long, and there would be every possible reason to stimulate the efforts of the Allies by supplying them to the utmost with everything that was needed.

If the Mexican trouble again grows threatening, the United States will have no easy time in that direction. If the revolution in Cuba cannot be suppressed by the Cuban authorities, the United States, under the terms of its trusteeship, will have to put an end to it. To bring the United States Navy up to fighting standard in men

and equipment will take several months. To enlist and train an army of any size will take a year. America can do little more in the next twelve months in case war comes than to act as an economic feeder to the Allies. Even to attempt to convoy American merchant vessels through the danger zone is of doubtful expediency. arm and man all merchant vessels would undoubtedly bring the best results. Beyond the period of a single year America's powers are almost unlimited, and Germany knows this, but as it is within the next twelve months the great decision is sought, it is a risk of the future that is incurred by Germany, and not so much a risk of the immediate days to come. Moral suasion has ceased to count as a factor in international affairs, and no thought is now given by Germany to any results that may accrue to her after the war through her methods of today; she is trusting to time to give her back her standing in the world in case she is not able to enforce it with the sword.

In the meantime the hope of commerce lies with the Allied navies, and from all reports that hope will be justified. Already there are signs that the Germans realize the final ineffectiveness of their attempted submarine blockade, but by a process of continued "frightfulness" of speech it is hoped to induce a sufficient number of neutral vessels to remain at home that the tonnage affoat may be reduced to the minimum.

To sum up the state of American opinion at this stage is not an easy task. On the day the Germans announced their new policy of unrestricted frightfulness at sea the American people were ready to follow a vigorous lead to a positive and honorable position to which no exception could be taken, and one that seemed to be the inevitable and logical outcome of past events and declarations.

Lacking that lead, opinion quickly became confused and largely ineffective of results. When Germany's position of open defiance was made known, the American people, regardless of political bias, rallied to the support of the Washington Government, and stood ready for anything they might be called upon to do. They were not called upon to do anything except wait. This waiting has had a deadening and confusing influence upon public spirit all the more that it is not the first time since August, 1914, that the spirit of the nation has been aroused and allowed to burn itself out for lack of objective.

In the intervals of waiting pro-German influences work at fever-heat and the assistance given by the peaceat-any-price faction plays no incon-Waves of indignant siderable part. determination have run across the country from time to time but to expend themselves in fruitless discussion and confused agitation. man in the White House has sat tight upon his peaceful neutrality, refusing to accept the opportunity of leadership, and only advancing along the obvious path of national duty when pushed from behind. Such comfort as there is in the situation to any American who knows his own people lies in the knowledge that in a democracy it is always the question of leadership that advances or retards the outpouring of the national spirit along paths that make history of which nations are proud. The history of the American people is one of wars and alarms of war, but never before have the alarms of war been so skilfully and persistently lulled to quiet regardless of the call to self-sacrifice upon the altar of right and justice.

There is a vast pessimism apparent in the thoughts and utterances of men whose Americanism is of the sturdiest kind and whose talents have been

given to the advancement of the nation along spiritual as well as material lines. An American of affairs whose outlook is intelligent and of the widest grasp, but who is not an office-holder and who has never written a line for publication, expressed himself as follows two months ago, or before the most recent German submarine policy went into effect. "The class of men," he said, "we have in public life and their limited outlook makes one despair of any broad policy being adopted in foreign affairs. At this crisis in our affairs, when our country should have a powerful Government, we are simply floundering around, and no one seems able to understand the outpourings of our officials in Washing-The whole world, including America, seems to be bewildered by the various essays on peace. The general impression seems to be that the moral tone and strength of this country has terribly deteriorated in the past two years and a half. Many attribute this to the kind of leadership we have had during that time The Fortnightly Review.

and the fact that, in spite of our affairs in various directions having suffered seriously, there is no disposition to make any serious protest and no strength of character at Washington to back it up. There is great uneasiness and unrest among the people over our course in foreign affairs and the absolutely defenseless state of the country itself."

It is in the "uneasiness and unrest" that lies the hopeful sign for the nation and this state of discomfort of the spirit should be taken as indicative of the real soul of the people. time it will be made articulate either by a natural leader and spokesman free from the trammels of party, or it may even burst its bounds and vent its sublime anger upon the man or the men who have led it astray. discouraging thought is, however, that America's greatest opportunity to mobilize her spiritual and physical strength for all time to come, and for this new nation of more than a hundred million people to find itself is today, and not tomorrow or the day after.

James Davenport Whelpley.

IN AN AIRSHIP FACTORY: MAKING THE ENVELOPES.

I peeped into the workshop and asked one of the girls if I could see the forewoman.

It was an immense workshop.

Long tables were ranged down either side, and groups of girls in blue overalls were busily engaged in doing something or other with large pieces of fabric. Away at the far end of the cathedral-like building (cathedral-like only in size, for the sun was streaming in through the glass roof and windows, flooding everything with brilliant light) more blue figures—tiny blue specks—were moving about in the distance.

In the middle of the floor, tumbled

masses of grayish fabric were lying spread out, and here and there girls squatted or knelt amongst them, all working busily.

A thing on wheels, which at first glance looked like a barrel-organ, but which I afterwards discovered was a sewing machine, was being moved across from one table to another, and at the far end of the room, a great white mass like a half-collapsed balloon was heaving and quivering on the floor, while a crowd of blue figures swarmed round it, over it, and on top of it, sometimes disappearing altogether in its huge, billowy folds. . . .

Five minutes later, I, too, was a

blue-overalled worker at one of the tables.

A bright-eyed girl with dark hair and a necklace of sham pearls was told off to show me what to do.

From one end of the table this girl picked up a brown bundle of rubber-proofed fabric; it was the color of ordinary brown paper, very smooth without being shiny, and having in certain lights the downy appearance of velvet. She began to pick at a large but obstinate knot in the tape which held it together; presently, growing impatient, she "pinched" a pair of scissors from the adjoining table, and snipped the bundle open.

I may as well say here that there exists a very simple etiquette about "pinching" (or borrowing without leave) other people's possessions—not personal belongings, but all that paraphernalia of pencils, brushes, scissors, rollers, rulers, which are supplied by the Management. It is simply this: you may lawfully "pinch" anything you like, provided the owner does not find you out; if, however, you should have the ill-luck to be found out—then, retrospectively, your act becomes unlawful, and there is no end of a row.

The brown bundle consisted of a number of separate pieces of varying sizes and shapes, each piece being marked with distinguishing letters and figures in big blue type. I was initiated into the mysteries of these marks by my bright-eyed instructress, who looked at me, I thought, as though she hoped it would be too difficult for me to understand.

Some of the pieces were marked "As Drawn," and others "Opposite"; some had letters, others figures; and all of them had to be joined together, each one in its appointed place.

The other workers at the table were joining long seams with sticky solution out of a tin; pasting away with short, stubbly brushes, and chattering hard all the time.

A pretty girl with fair, tousled hair eyed me critically across the table, and then smiled.

"Feel a bit orkward at fust, down't yer?" she said in a Cockney drawl. (I nodded, but I must confess it was an untruthful nod.) "Comin' into a fresh plice. With everythink stringe. Ah felt crool at fust when Ah kime 'ere. But yer soon git used to it."

She smiled again, and I smiled back. There was something rather sweet and sympathetic in her face. . . .

Next to her was Maisie, singing. Maisie is a joy. I came to know her later on. She was married early in the war, and her husband is at the front. Against the day when he comes home, Maisie is proudly piling up her separation allowance in a tin box under her bed. She boasts of having saved twelve pounds; but at heart-tragic to relate—she is a spendthrift. She "borrows" money from her box, buys new hats, and treats wounded Tommies to the Pictures-always secure in the thought, however, that the money is only "borrowed" and that every penny will be paid back in time Meanwhile the box is empty. . . . Maisie is really charming.

By the time my companion and I had successfully disentangled the "Opposites" from the "As Drawns" and laid the appropriate pieces in the appointed places, there were no available tins of solution. This necessitated a pilgrimage to a shed outside, where two giant jars of messy brown stuff looking like a mixture of toffee and cod-liver oil stood tipsily on a table.

Two coats of solution are applied to the seam to be joined. When it has partly dried, one edge of the fabric is turned up over the other and every tiniest crease smoothed away with the fingers. As soon as the seam is flat and smooth, a small metal roller is worked backwards and forwards over the join, and a bag full of chalk rubbed along its length to dry up any overflow of solution that may have worked its way out.

At other tables there is different work. First, there is the "marking-out" table. Here, each separate piece of fabric that goes to the making of an airship is marked out with pencil and ruler. In the type of airship on which we were working, there are over 2000 separate pieces in one envelope.

At the next table, two girls with giant pairs of seissors and patient faces do the cutting out. Day after day, week after week, and month after month, one airship after another passes, in small pieces, across their table. The click-click of their seissors grows as monotonous as the ticking of a clock.

It is wonderful to look at the finished article—the great gray monster ready for doping, that is one day going to soar up into the clouds—and to think that it has all been cut out, bit by bit, by two patient girls with two large pairs of scissors. . . .

After the pieces have been marked out, cut out, and the seams solutioned together, they are finished off with a double row of machine stitching in an electric sewing machine.

It is a grand thing to watch the machinists. No handle is turned, no foot-treadle worked; a lever is simply pressed down with the foot, and away go two little needles threaded with thick white thread, plunging in and out of the double rubber seam with such force and speed that one wonders how the machinist can keep her head.

Sometimes as we are hard at work, there is a sudden sound of tramping feet, and a long line of men come marching down the workshop carrying on their shoulders a glittering silver envelope tied up with yellow tapes. Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! In they come—fifty or sixty of them, their strong backs bent down with the weight of their burden. For all the world, it is like a huge silver dragon in a Drury Lane pantomime.

Seventy-four pairs of eyes look up from their work; seventy-four pairs of hands for the moment are idle, and a sudden titter—a giggle—runs through the workshop. For, heading the procession, and walking with a ridiculous music-hall strut, a funny little man with a bright red mustache (a false one) is playing the fool to amuse the girls, or possibly to amuse himself.

His antics are very funny. Now and then he will break into an elegant passeul and dance neatly down the room, in spite of the fact that his head and shoulders support a heavy weight.

The girls love him; they call him "Little Tuppy," but his real name is a dignified one with a flavor of ancient lineage.

Nicknames are very much the fashion in the workshop. If you are anybody at all, you have a nickname. In some cases, as in the case of Mr. "Fish-and-Chips," your real name is not known.

"Little Tuppy" is always a source of amusement, but never was he so funny as on the sole occasion when he meant to be serious. That was when he had a row with "Ethel." "Ethel" is a large, stalwart, pink British workman who had occasion to knock Tuppy down. Everyone watched to see what would happen. Like a flash of lightning, and with extreme ferocity, Tuppy leaped to his feet and bit "Ethel" in the back!

In putting the envelope together it is sometimes necessary to inflate part of it with air, and to crawl inside, as there are certain parts which cannot be reached in any other way. The air is pumped into the ship through a fat pipe of rubber tubing.

The great mass of fabric lying on the floor begins to shiver and shake as the air rushes in, and soon there emerges from it a great bubble of fabric, quivering like a jelly, which grows and grows until its proportions are huge.

As soon as the ship is sufficiently inflated, the manager gives a sign for the girls to go in, and one by one, armed with the necessary tools, they crawl in on all fours through a tiny opening into a wonderful bananashaped tent, and work as they rarely work at any other time. The one idea they have is to get out again as soon as possible, for the air inside the envelope is very hot and stuffy, and the dope with which the ship is treated gives off an unpleasant smell with an intoxicating effect.

On one occasion, a great lump in the fabric aroused the curiosity of the girls, and on going to investigate it the lump was suddenly heard to murmur in a weak voice: "Can't breathe. Lost my way." It turned out to be one of the Inspectors, who had crawled in a wrong direction, lost his way, and become overpowered by the dope. He was dragged out in a perfectly intoxicated condition.

Even after a few minutes inside the envelope, somebody is sure to say:

"Golly. Ah'm goin' 'ot and caold all daown mah back," and the lady thus afflicted will make a dive for the end of the blow-pipe, hold it up to her face, and take a few reviving gulps from the hissing stream of air.

At 1 P.M. a shrill whistle is blown, and instantly there is a mad rush for the door. It is as if the signal had been given for a race to begin.

In the dressing-room there is a wild scramble of arms and legs and boots and hats, and half the girls have vanished before you can look round. The other half—clattering plates and spilling things, laughing, chaffing, and jabbering—gather round the tables of the mess-room.

A sixpenny dinner consisting of one large and excellently cooked plate of meat and vegetables, which comes in from the kitchen piping hot, is provided daily for those who can afford it. Those who cannot—and these are in the majority—bring from their homes various kinds of food in paper bags. A pie-dish tied up in paper, the contents of which can be warmed up in the kitchen free of charge, is the most popular method of dealing with this problem.

After ten minutes of silence broken only by the gulping sound of hungry people, chaff and chatter burst out afresh.

A snatch of song sounds from one corner of the room.

"Didn't knaow Ah 'ad a luvvely voice, did jer?" says the singer with a broad grin.

"Oo d'yer git it from—yer father or yer mother?"

"Ah git it from mah mother," replies the singer, whose musical talent is not very obvious. "Mah mother can sing as good as she can shout."

Somewhere else in the room, one of the girls is telling fortunes out of teacups. The manner of tipping up the cup with a twist so that the tea-leaves are left inside while the last drops of tea trickle out on to the floor, has obviously been practised for many months—or years.

"Ah see a path 'ere," says the Fortune Teller, gazing into a dense clump of tea-leaves without shape or form, "an' 'alf wy up Ah sees a turning, an' as clear as anythink, mah deah, Ah sees yer tike that turning—an' it turns out to be the wrong one! An' Ah see a crowded plice, an' Ah see lots of people, an' laghts, an' ——"

"Ah knaow wot that is," says the

owner of the tea-cup with a gleam in her eye, "that's the —— Empire" (mentioning the name of a local musichall). "Ah'm goin' there tonaght."

"That's raght," says the Fortune Teller, and winds up the dreary recital with the usual formula about getting a letter and a parcel, without which no fortune is complete.

It is difficult to believe, when next the whistle is blown, that an hour has really passed. With unwilling steps, the girls file slowly back to work, and through the early part of the afternoon there is a feeling of sullen slackness in the air. When the days are warm and sunny, and the factory hot, the distaste for work becomes acute. The two hours between two and four are by far the longest in the day; it is then that it is most tantalizing to catch a glimpse of the outside worldto see red roofs and sun and little gardens, and young trees fresh with new green leaf, and to know that the air of spring is cool and clean, and that the world does hold free, happy people who do not need to toil.

After the tea-interval, which lasts for ten minutes, and which is a fine scramble—the girls going in to fetch their tea encountering in a narrow doorway those coming out, and consequently getting a fair share of the brew spilled on their heads—work again resumes its normal brisk state.

The hands of the big round clock above the door are eagerly watched as the hour of six draws near, and the stir of excitement and bustle grows and grows until it reaches a pitch that cannot easily be described.

At last the whistle is blown, and before its shrill note has ceased, most of the girls have reached the dressingroom, and some have put on their hats.

One day I overheard a conversation between two girls which gives a typical picture of the way in which their time is spent after the hard drudgery of the day is over.

"Ah saw yer Saturday naght."

"Did jer? . . . Walkin'?"

"Naow. Waitin'."

That was all. And yet from these few words it was at once made plain of what their non-working hours chiefly consist.

Many of the women are married, mostly with large families, and have come out to work as a direct result of the war—their husbands having enlisted and the separation allowance being inadequate to keep things going at home in the accustomed style.

Take the case of a woman whose husband had been earning £3 a week. She has three children, and her separation allowance—which amounts in all to 26s. 6d. a week—is less than she has been accustomed to have for housekeeping alone.

Now, in order to keep things going, she has to come out to work to earn an extra fifteen or seventeen shillings a week, leaving her children to the care of a lodger. The lodger pays 6s., which brings her weekly income up to £2 7s. 6d., and on this she is just able to get along without having to make any overwhelming sacrifice, such as, for instance, giving up her little daughter's piano-lessons—her little daughter, let it be remembered, being a budding musical genius.

It is a great "come-down" in the world for a woman of this class to be forced to "go out to work" for the first time in her life; but the fact that her husband has done the right thing—has enlisted—is enough to tide her over all her difficulties. She visibly swells with pride as she tells you that he was "one of the first to go."

Another, a young married woman, has come out to work to drown her loneliness, and, like Maisie, to see her separation allowance pile up. "I used to sit an' cry myself silly," she told me.

Now she is one of the merriest of the party.

Then there is the little girl with the anxious look, who supports herself on fifteen shillings a week. Her board and lodging cost twelve shillings; her fares to and from the factory cost two: she has one shilling a week left over for clothes, amusements, and any incidental expenses. . . .

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How they get along at all, these girls, it is difficult to imagine. An illness or a holiday throws them on their beam ends. At Easter time, when a much-needed holiday of four days was given, there was nothing to be heard on every side but grousing and grumbling at having to lose pay.

Alas! A silver lining nearly always has its cloud.

Mrs. N. F. Usborne.

TWO'S TWO.

By J. STORER CLOUSTON.

CHAPTER XIV.

A LITTLE DINNER.

"No longer Charles afraid is When he meets the naughty ladies!"

warbled Archibald. The band was playing that deservedly popular melody, the champagne was bubbling in his glass and in her glass, and the candle shades were pink. In fact, Archibald and Joyce were seeing life as life ought to be seen when life is life, so he assured her, and Joyce sipped her champagne and smiled.

At first she was a little quiet, Archibald thought, but no doubt it was only the traces of Girton before they evaporated under his genial influence-which they now seemed to be doing. Her host's habit of singing audibly snatches of all the airs he knew, and then calling the waiter at the end of the piece and sending him to the bandmaster with his congratulations and half a sovereign, combined with their good looks, attracted universal attention to their table; and to begin with this seemed to beget reserve rather than satisfaction. However, like the traces of Girton, it was now happily succumbing to the Archie cure.

The effect upon Archibald of her dark eyes with a smile in them, looking into his, and her voice with a laugh in it, answering kindly, was so intoxicating that even the band was forgotten, and in the midst of one of his favorite tunes he lowered his voice and cried—

"Joyce! You know I love you—do you love me?"

She neither blushed nor started, but simply continued to smile.

"Won't it do if I reverence you?" she asked.

"But, Joyce, I am serious!"

She shook her head.

"No, Archie," she said, "you are very hospitable and nice and kind, but you are certainly not serious."

"I'm not serious in the bad sense," admitted Archibald, "but in the highest and best sense I am very serious."

"Wait till the band stops," she suggested, "and it will pass off quite naturally."

"You don't know what's really in me!" he protested.

"Oh yes, I do. I have seen you drink three glasses of it, and I am making every allowance."

"If you don't approve of me," said Archibald with scornful emphasis on the contemptible word, "why do you call me Archie?"

"I quite approve of you occasionally, and I call you Archie in honor of your birthday."

"My birthday!" exclaimed Archibald.

"You are just fifteen, aren't you?"

Archibald was the soul of goodnature, but he began to feel annoyed. "Joyce," he said with some severity,

"I really thought better of you. I never dreamed you were one of those girls who admire solid, leaden, clammy, indigestible, boresome virtues."

"Would you admire this duckling," she inquired, "if it only consisted of gravy?"

"Then I am a mere splash of gravy!"

"Splash is a very appropriate word, Archie—not too serious and just exactly what you do."

Archibald tried a very tender line.

"Joyce, dear," he said in a low voice, "I am quite serious enough to think of marrying. Don't you believe that?"

"Oh yes," she said, "and when you are grown up I expect some girl will marry you very quickly and easily—probably even before you mean to propose."

"You think I could be easily caught, do you?" he cried scornfully.

"If I wanted to marry you," said Joyce confidentially, "I should simply order the cake, send out the invitations, and then give you three glasses of champagne."

Archibald looked at her very hard, and a question began to form in his eyes.

"Well, what is it?" she laughed.
"Are you wondering whether I've ordered the cake?"

"I was wondering," he said, "whether you really don't consider me a great improvement on Wyverne."

Joyce stopped laughing abruptly, and she in turn looked hard at him—though only for an instant.

"An improvement on Sir Wyverne! What an extraordinary question!"

"Tell me honestly."

She began to smile again. "If I

thought you were serious——" she began.

"I am!" cried Archibald.

She shook her head.

"You can't be, Archie; so there's no use trying. You will find it a great strain, and be very dull while it lasts, and only feel disappointed when it's over."

"Dash it," said Archie, "I feel jolly well inclined to tell you the whole truth about me. I can tell you I would open your eyes! Only I'm afraid you wouldn't believe me."

"Probably not," she agreed.

"About me and Wyverne!" he added, nodding his fair head at her.

She seemed more interested.

"Well?" she asked.

"Look here," said Archie, "this is perfectly sickening! Whenever I mention Wyverne, you turn serious, and you simply laugh at me!"

"Archie," said Joyce kindly, "you really mustn't mistake your vocation. You are intended to cheer people up and amuse them and make them forget the serious side of life altogether. If you are quite sure that you can stand another glass of champagne, I don't mind your having one. Or you might have some chocolates intead. It is impossible to feel depressed while one is eating chocolates."

Archibald was silent for a moment. Then he cried—

"All right; we'll make a night of it!"

They did. When dinner was over they went to a box at the Empire for an hour, and then to a box at the Palace for an hour, and they wound up with an extremely pleasant supper.

"And now," said Archibald, when they arrived at last at their private sitting-room, "let's put out the lights and tell stories over the fire!"

"That's a very happy idea, Archie," said Joyce, "but unfortunately I'm not nearly robust enough to make any more

of a night of it than we've done. Good-night!"

He protested, but in vain. The vision vanished, and Archibald was left disconsolate.

"Dash it!" said he to himself, "that isn't going to be the last word! I'm not going to be cut out by a rotten edition of my own self. If she cares twopence for Wyverne, she ought to care a fiver for me! I'll make her, too."

The discovery that she had left her opera cloak behind gave him a moment of reminiscent ecstasy. Then he brought out a very handsome dispatch case (one of his recent purchases), and with a deliberate smile unlocked it.

CHAPTER XV.

THE THIRD LETTER.

The delicious habit of sitting in front of a bedroom fire, gradually making up one's mind it is time to begin undressing, is one of the greatest luxuries of a thoroughly civilized life. The training of Joyce's somewhat austere youth decidedly discouraged the custom, but Sutherbury Park had been demoralizing and the Hotel Chic was fatal

She sat in a puzzled smiling mood for quite a long time, and it was when she roused herself that she first missed her opera cloak. The hour was very late, and she presumed Archibald would have gone to bed, since he seemed the last person to muse in silence and his own society, so she went quietly back to the sitting-room and very gently opened the door. And then she stood on the threshold spellbound.

The lights were still on, and there with his back to her sat Archibald writing. Beside him on the table was a little canvas bag, exactly like the fat little bags which clinked when Sir Wyverne set them down; only this bag was collapsed and evidently LIVING AGE, Vol. VI. No. 266.

nearly empty. Archibald apparently meant to replenish it, for he was just finishing the writing of a check. Even as her eyes fell on him, he raised the book to tear out the check, and she saw the handwriting quite distinctly.

With a horrified face she came into the room, and closed the door behind her. Archibald turned with a start, and for a moment they looked at one another. To her bewilderment there was no sign of guilt on his face, but merely a quick look of surprise and then a gay smile of welcome.

"Hullo!" he cried cheerfully.

"Let me see that check!" she demanded.

"This check?" he asked in surprise, and then his face suddenly changed, as though at last he realized what he had been caught at.

"Forging a check!" she cried. "Oh, Archie!"

It was a check for a hundred pounds on Sir Wyverne's account, made payable to Archibald Fitz-Wyverne and signed by Wyverne Warrington-Browne; and the ink of the signature was still wet.

"It does almost look like it," he admitted.

"Is that all you have to say?"

Archibald made a great mental effort.

"What do you people say in books?" he said, gazing thoughtfully at the ceiling. "I remember! 'Oh, my God!' No, by the way, that's what you ought to say. Ah, I have it! 'Spare my innocent babes their father's shame!"

"Did you mean to use this check?" she asked quietly.

"I do mean to."

"Not this one," she answered, picking it up and throwing it in the fire.
"Now give me the check-book."

"But, hang it!" cried Archibald, "look at this bag! It's almost empty,

and I very soon won't have a bob in the world unless I cash a check!"

"Give me the check-book," repeated Joyce.

"I say, Joyce—" he began.

She went to the bell.

"Very well, if you won't, I'm very sorry, but I'll have to tell the manager."

"Upon my word, this is deuced high-handed," said Archibald, "especially after you've been eating my chocolates!"

"I am in Sir Wyverne's employment," replied Joyce, "and I find his check-book in the possession of somebody else, who is using it to forge Sir Wyverne's name and draw on his account. Do you really think I am going to leave it with you? Come, give it to me."

"But if I do, I'll be absolutely bust! I can't pay for these rooms or anything!"

"That's an idea which might have struck you sooner. And in any case, I really can't help it."

"Joyce, dear, don't you care for me enough to wish to see me remain in affluent circumstances?" he asked in a beseeching voice. "Even the most Platonic friend ought to have that feeling!"

"Have you no sense of shame?" she cried.

"I have nothing to be ashamed of," said Archie. "In fact, it's really Wyverne who ought to feel ashamed. He gave me this wretched little bag of money, quite misunderstanding my habits, and then his better nature added the check-book when it realized how absurdly stingy he had been."

"Do you mean to tell me he knows you have this check-book?"

"Certainly."

"And allows you to use it?"

"Of course."

His face was so open and his voice so calm and assured that for an instant she doubted what to think. Then her eye fell on something else lying on the table. She took a quick step forward.

"This is a letter to me from Sir Wyverne!" she exclaimed, picking it up.

"I say, one moment!" said Archibald. "That letter will only complicate the situation. Don't trouble to read it, Joyce."

But she had already troubled. It ran—

Dear Miss Demayne,—Have just been entrusted with a most delicate mission to His Royal Highness the Prince of Monaco. It is very confidential, so I need only say now that it's in connection with the naval defenses of his empire. Have just looked in at Hotel Chic, but found you had gone to bed, so I leave everything in Archibald's hands. Tomorrow morning he will escort you to join me at Monte Carlo (where, as perhaps you know, the Prince lives).

Glad to hear you had a pleasant little dinner with A. I assure you he is one of the best.—Yours in haste,

Wyverne Warrington-Browne.

For a moment Joyce stared at this curious letter in extreme bewilderment. And then the truth flashed upon her.

"You forged this too!" she cried.
"Don't say 'forged,' please," said

"Don't say 'forged,' please," said Archibald. "It's a horrid word. I wrote it, if that's what you mean."

More and more light began to break on her.

"And the other two letters—oh, I know the whole truth about you now without your troubling to tell me! I presume you wrote those also?" she demanded with a scornful emphasis that made the word even more unpleasant than "forged."

"Look here," said Archibald plaintively, "you put me in the deuce of a hole. If I say I did you'll get shirtier than ever; and if I say I didn't,

there's not an outside chance of your believing me. I'm ready to lie with any if there's even a sporting chance of it's coming off, but what's the use when you know I write exactly the same hand as Wyverne? This is my notion of a tragedy, if you ask me."

"It's my notion of a very dishonorable swindle," said Joyce.

"What beastly words you use!" complained Archie. "It almost seems as if you were deliberately trying to annoy me."

"I am trying to make you realize what you have done. You admit yourself that Sir Wyverne gave you that bag full of money; and I know he did, because I saw it in his hand. And in return for his kindness—oh, can't you really see what a mean, contemptible——"

"Don't!" interrupted Archibald.
"You'll make me cry if your voice begins to quiver like that. And you said yourself that seriousness doesn't suit me. I assure you, on my word of honor, Joyce, that when you next see Wyverne and ask him, he will tell you that I had full permission to write those notes, and take these rooms, and make any use of his check-book I liked."

"And imitate his handwriting?"

"I can't help that! It's our family hand. It takes me all my time to fake another signature. I assure you it was quite a problem how I was going to make my endorsement look natural. In fact, if I keep out of the hands of the police, even without your giving me away, I'll deserve a jolly lot more credit than you seem to realize. Let me tell you that, Joyce!"

"If Sir Wyverne ever attempts to justify your conduct," said Joyce with deep conviction, "I shall think a very, very great deal less of him than I've thought before."

"Now, there you are!" cried Archibald gloomily. "You are going to put Wyverne in a hole next.

"Oh woman! In our hours of dinner You positively seem a winner, But when—"

This well-known and happily selected quotation was interrupted remorselessly.

"Give me that check-book!" she demanded.

"But look here-"

At that point she took it out of his hand, and turned for the door.

"Joyce!" he cried in tender accents, springing up and following her.

The door opened, and then was shut in his face.

"Lost my best girl!" said Archibald bitterly, "and financial ruin stares me in the face! And all because of the ridiculous value people set on quite the wrong qualities."

He examined the collapsed canvas bag.

"After all, one can do a lot of busting on tick," he reflected more cheerfully. "And what is one blooming
girl that one should feel gloomy about
losing her? Besides, I've no doubt
she'll take a more humorous view of
things in the morning. Joyce is a
ripper!"

But in the morning Joyce had gone; by an early train, the disconsolate Mr. Fitz-Wyverne was informed.

(To be continued.)

DAVID GARRICK.

Born on February 19, 1717 (so many of the books say 1716 that it is well to

make sure of the date), and dying on January 20, 1779, David Garrick had

a meridian all but contemporaneous with that of his century; and he was. possibly, a more representative "eighteenth-century man" than any other. In character he was not strongly defined. There was in him no rebellion, no ruggedness, no spiritual loneliness, no prejudice or mighty purpose to shut him off from the influences of his time. Part of his extraordinary quickness was the quickness of receptivity; and, as we study him in his various aspects, he comes to look like some very charming and graceful flower that has been produced by conditions, with no more independent choice than has a flower. For half a century he was petted, loved, admired, derided. He comes through it all a perfectly simple, sensible, honest fellow, irrepressibly gracious and joyful; a happy flower, well planted, well nourished, well placed, but owing his ability to live well and to give pleasure much more to his conditions than to any labor of his own.

French, Irish, and English went to the making of this delightful creature. His father's parents were Huguenot refugees; his mother's mother was Irish. From his mother's father, the Lichfield Cathedral choirman, came the small but sufficient drop of Anglo-Saxon blood in the veins of the boy who was born in the Angel Inn at Hereford, where his father was on recruiting duty. The early letters reveal a troubled but a happy home-life in Lichfield. Mrs. Garrick, twenty years and more married, writes to her absent husband a real lover's letter; and, if this from David to his father is thoroughly characteristic of the boy who was born to please, it says much, too, of and for his father, Captain Peter. A certain miniature by Liotard

is the figure of a gentleman, and I suppose military by his dress; I think Le Grout told me his name was one Captain Peter Garrick; perhaps as

you are in the army you may know him; he is pretty jolly and, I believe, not very tall.

How many eighteenth-century boys had a father whom they dared to call "pretty jolly" and to chaff about being a little man? The sun beamed on our flower from the first, in spite of debts and duns, and poor Mamma, "very weak, attended with a Lowness of Spirits, which compels her to drink Wine, which gives a great deal of uneasiness upon two accounts, as it goes against her inclination, and Pockett." There were people worth knowing, too, in Lichfield, people who were ready to make the most of a vivacious, clever boy; especially Gilbert Walmsley, Registrar of the Diocese, scholar and man of the world. A cathedral and garrison town had its own life, and a life worth living, in those days.

The passage from Lichfield boyhood to eminence on the London stage is almost miraculous in its swiftness and ease. Johnson, seven years Garrick's senior, his schoolmaster and his fellowtraveler to London, never quite forgave it. He had had to struggle before he started; he was to struggle harder yet before he "arrived," while little Davy floated into fame and wealth. A little trifling with the Bar; then the £1,000 legacy from the Lisbon wine merchant, his uncle, and the cellars in Durham Yard, off the Strand, with their "three quarts of vinegar," as Foote, ever ready to depreciate, called the Garrick Brothers' stock-in-trade of canary, mountain, "frontiniae," and so forth. But the wine merchant's business, however lightly it held the younger partner's heart, was to prove useful; his luck held there, too. Friendship with Giffard, manager of the outlying and unlicensed Goodman's Fields Theatre, led to his becoming, unlikely though it seems, wine merchant to the famous Bedford Coffee House; the Bedford Coffee House meant acquaint-

ance with all the players of the day, and acquaintance with Macklin ripened into friendship. The young wine merchant, already a first-rate mimic, a dabbler in dramatic authorship, a vivacious and charming fellow, put one foot into the incalculable theatrical sea; then went in up to the knee; then took the plunge and found himself riding buoyantly on a sunny and caressing ocean. He clapped a hump on his back and a lump on his leg and called himself Richard III; so Johnson put it. And so much Richard III was he-at any rate, something so humanly or super-humanly brilliant, fascinating, detestable and tortured—that all the old actors, Quin, "Bracey," Mrs. Porter, Cibber, and all, came to see him. So did Pope and many another. "A dozen Dukes a night," sneered Gray. Coaches blocked the way to this remote and unfashionable little house, as they blocked the way not so long ago to the little old Prince of Wales's Theatre off the Tottenham-court-road. London had found a new theatrical sensation, and made the most of it.

Here, again, luck was with the favorite of fortune. The English stage, which like most arts seems to move in cycles (the sanguine think of the movement as an ascending spiral; the rest as a mere returning upon the tracks), had been for some time feeding upon itself. The style of acting which Betterton had used greatly was become dead and formal. It was time for the usual recurrence of the "natural." Macklin tried it, not without success; but Macklin lacked the charm, the ability, the personality of the young wine merchant. Garrick, shooting ahead of Macklin, had the advantage of being trained as an actor outside the theatre. Quin, entirely a man of the theatre, realized the difference at a glance. If Garrick was right, the others must all be wrong.

"the lad is clever." He had the strange genius for acting which seems independent of any other kind of And, though he was not trained in the theatre, he had trained himself very hard outside it, watching, noting, imitating his fellow-men. Emotional, receptive, quick to express, gracefully and strongly built, he had all the requisites; above all he had the charm and the magnetism which, though they have no connection with brains or force of character, are more valuable than either to the player. His age liked his acting all the better, probably, for the very things which we of today should dislike in it. With Quin and the others "declamation roared, while passion slept." frigidity of the French style, without its dignity, robbed acting of its life and motion. By way of contrast, the more life and motion the better.

I am not . . . blind to his studied Tricks, his overfondness for extravagant Attitudes, frequent affected Starts, convulsive Twitchings, Jerkings of the Body, sprawling of the Fingers, flipping the breast and pockets; a set of mechanical motions in constant use, the caricature of gesture, suggested by pert vivacity; his pantomime manner of acting every word in a sentence; his unnatural pauses in the middle of a sentence; his forc'd conceits, his wilful neglect of harmony, even where the round period of a well-expressed noble sentiment demands a graceful cadence in the delivery.

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It is disagreeable to have to take Theophilus Cibber's word for anything; but the scoundrel was probably right here. He goes on to give an instance. When Benedick says "If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat, and shoot at me!" Garrick must needs act the clapping of the cat into the bottle, the hanging up, and the shooting. Fuss and fidgets are the "special reefs" of But "I' faith, Bracey," as Cibber said," the natural in acting; but, where a

partial difference may be heresy, a round contradiction is reformation, and Garrick came in time to reform acting altogether, while doubtless himself toning down, as time went on, his ebullient displays. And, fuss or not, his audiences could always enjoy the inextinguishable grace and charm of the man, which even our own age is able to recapture to some extent from the elaborate descriptions of Lichtenberg and others, from the portraits in costume and in private life by Reynolds, by Zoffany, by Gainsborough, and a score of others, and from the pages of Boswell and the memoir writers.

In France, at any rate, it was precisely this elaborate pantomimic expression of character and emotion, combined, with Garrick's grace and charm, that won the day for him. Grimm wrote of him:—

We saw him play the dagger-scene from the tragedy of *Macbeth*, in a room, in his ordinary clothes, and with no help from scenic illusion; and, as he followed with his eyes that dagger, moving suspended through the air, he became so beautiful that he drew from the whole audience a general cry of admiration.

And from that beauty he passed suddenly to its inversion-his famous little pantomime of the cook-boy who upset the tarts and burst into He seemed all the greater actor to the French because he relied so little upon words that they could not understand. To back Theophilus Cibber's criticism of his diction, there Johnson's statement:-"Garrick, Madam, was no declaimer; there was not one of his own scene-shifters who could not have spoken 'To be, or not to be,' better than he did. . . . A true conception of character, and natural expression of it, were his distinguished excellencies." His French admirers were used to hearing words

that they could understand spoken by their own players; and Garrick's French friends, the Grimms, Diderot. and the rest, Anglophils for the most part and reformers, were getting a little tired of the traditional and the orderly in art as in politics. accident gave to Garrick an importance which he must otherwise have lacked. Let him, in compliment to Johnson, play John Bull, and write that the lexicographer has "beat forty French and will beat forty more"; in heart he was always a lover of our "fair enemy, France," even in his eighteenth century. But that was before the days when Napoleon had come to scare us in earnest. He could fortify the esteem and affection that has always-or nearly always-underlain the incessant squabbles between the two nations. He represented free and enlightened England to pre-Revolutionary France, not only because, from the days of his early friendship with Jean Monnet, he had done his best to get French players a hearing in London (he had his theatre wrecked for bringing over Noverre and a ballet), but because he was an Englishman full of French fire and vivacity, a "naturalist" in his art, a neat, polished. gracious English gentleman. He would have done excellently well as a diplomat.

By-work as it was, his touch with France was the greatest service that he did to England; whatever service he may have done to the English stage (a sieve into which he poured more good water than any other of his kind) during his long and triumphant career as actor and manager of the Theatre Royal, by reforming the art of acting and "raising the character of his profession to the rank of a liberal art," as Burke said. His own time imagined that his noblest achievement was his acting—his patronage, we might almost call it—of Shakespeare.

Our own time has gone as far in the other direction by decrying it. There was (it is not to be denied) a great deal that was ridiculous about Garrick's attitude to Shakespeare and the time's attitude to the pair of them. There was every excuse for the French being taken in; for Morellet addressing Garrick as "My dear Shakespeare," for Ducis putting their portraits together on his desk because "to separate them would have inflicted too cruel a divorce," Garrick being "the surest confident of Shakespeare's genius"; for Suard declaring that "without David Garrick, William Shakespeare would be a good many inches shorter." To the French, Garrick's pantomime explained many things about Shakespeare which were incredible and shocking without it; he made Shakespeare real and true for them. But when we read the same sort of nonsense written by his English admirers, and watch the charming little fellow posturing under the bust of the bard, we of today can but turn for a corrective When Boswell asked: to Johnson. "But has he not brought Shakespeare into notice?" Johnson replied: "Sir, to allow that would be to lampoon the age." The age was at work upon Shakespeare seriously. This was the century of Rowe, Hanmer, Warburton, Capell, Steevens, Malone; not to mention "Mrs. Montagu of Shakespeareshire," whose panegyric did not wholly prove that Shakespeare was "in a bad 'way," Shakespeare was coming into fashion; and Garrick, true child of his moment, must be prominent in the intellectual fashion.

By an Englishman of such a brain and such a character much of Shakespeare must be as little appreciable as by a typical Frenchman. But Garrick did his best. From today's point of view his treatment of Shakespeare's plays, his maintenance of old outrages by Cibber and others, his

indulgence in new ones all his own, his affectation of interpreting Shakespeare and of having for his "only plan To lose no drop of that immortal man"-all this is almost as offensive as any modern theatre-tricks that are played with solemn affectation by our own managers. But while a modern manager ought to know better, since the scholars have provided him with a chance of learning, if he will take the trouble, for what method of representation Shakespeare's were written, it is no good judging Garrick by modern standards. did very well out of Shakespeare, and Shakespearian parts were the foundation of his personal success. since it is better to know Shakespeare in mangled versions than not to know him at all, Garrick may be held to have spread some sort of an enjoyment of Shakespeare among people who found the plays tiresome, tedious, "sad stuff," when they were acted in the style of Quin. Shakespeare was Garrick's principal affectation; indeed, his only affectation. The Stratford "Jubilee" would have been a little less absurd if the skies had not laughed so many tears of ridicule over the little actor's parade. It was honestly meant. It was in the taste of the time. Its failure was the heaviest rebuff that the fortunate fellow ever endured. Considering, as Johnson was wont to consider, how many worse airs and graces Garrick might have given himself, we need no more rail at his Shakespeare affectation than we need at his idea that he was a poet because he could turn the neatest prologues and epilogues, the deftest little epigrams and the genteelest snatches of polite verse.

Johnson admired Garrick's verses, especially the prologues and epilogues. Would he have praised them so highly if he had not loved Garrick? The question is not answerable, for Johnson loved Garrick dearly; and the love is to

the credit of them both. There was every reason why Johnson-or why a smaller man than Johnson similarly situated-should dislike Garrick. When your own schoolboyand one of only three—comes to London with you, and while you are still starving and slaving floats into fortune and troops of friends, having but a tithe of your brains and character: when you know that he is really a little man, while you are humbly a big man: when it is to him, the little whipper-snapper, that you owe your only chance of getting a hearing for your oft-refused great tragedy, and he insists on mangling it, teaching you your business, before production; and when the cause of his fame and wealth is mumming, a business which you instinctively and incurably despise, then there is room enough for jealousy and envy. Johnson was jealous and envious. "'Tis a futile fellow!" Garrick may well have heard the very words before he repeated them to Boswell "perfectly with the tone and air of Johnson." Quote Samuel Richardson in the Dictionary? "I have done worse than that: I have cited thee, David." "Punch has no feelings!" There was a complacency, too, about Garrick, which would gall even those who had not come from Lichfield with When Garrick heard of the formation of The Club, "I like it much (said he), I think I shall be of you." Several minds must have spoken through Johnson's roar: "How does he know we will permit him?" But this was self-complacence, not conceit. It was the easy security of a man who has always been welcome wherever he went and has had no rough handling, save from the weather, the ipayers in his employ, the blackmailing journalists, and Samuel Foote. And there is more than enough good evidence that one of the things which Johnson most loved in Garrick was

his fund of good sense—the Anglo-Saxon drop in his veins, perhaps, if anybody likes to think so. He did not live ostentatiously; he did not live viciously, and, we may believe, would not have lived viciously had he not been married to so adorable a mixture of charm and wisdom as his beloved Eva Violette.

Sir, it is wonderful how little Garrick assumes. No, Sir, Garrick fortunam reverenter habet. Consider, Sir. celebrated men, such as you have mentioned, have had their applause at a distance; but Garrick had it dashed in his face, sounded in his ears, and went home every night with the plaudits of a thousand in his cranium. Then, Sir, Garrick did not find, but made his way to the tables, the levées, and almost the bed-chambers of the great. Then, Sir, Garrick had under him a numerous body of people; who, from fear of his power, and hopes of his favor, and admiration of his talents. were constantly submissive to him. And here is a man who has advanced the dignity of his profession. Garrick has made a player a higher character. . . . And all this supported by great wealth of his own acquisition. If all this had happened to me, I should have had a couple of fellows with long poles walking before me, to knock down everybody that stood in the way. Consider, if all this had happened to Cibber or Quin, they'd have jumped over the moon.-Yet Garrick speaks to us (smiling).

A noble tribute, nobly paid. Garrick, it is admitted, was a coward, who truckled to the beggars and the blackmailers and the critics. If Goldsmith, "retaliating," is to be believed, he was as vain as a peacock. But is Goldsmith to be believed? There was a lightness, a vagueness, about Garrick, it is true. Acutely perceptive, he was at the mercy of the moment, not only in his acting, in which he relied a great deal upon "inspiration," but in daily life. "I never knew a

man," said Johnson, "of whom it could be said with less certainty today what he will do tomorrow, than Garrick; it depends so much on his humor at the time." He was a man, too, without a friend, and that Johnson regretted. "He had friends, but no friend. Garrick was so diffused, he had no man to whom he wished to unbosom himself. He found people always ready to applaud him, and that always for the same thing; so he saw life with great uniformity." But how eager he was to please, and how successful in his constant and deliberate efforts to be good company! He was "less to be envied on the stage than at the head of a table." His conversation was "gay and grotesque: It is a dish of all sorts, but all good things," though lacking in its full proportion of sentiment. It had "delicacy and elegance," and it observed restraints from which Foote, "mighty coarse," was free. Johnson, again, was never tired of defending Garrick against the widely-spread charge of avarice, a charge brought against every actor who is not wildly extravagant or ostentatiously generous. The Times.

In Johnson's attitude to Garrick there was something of delight in the sprightly little fellow who is "clubbable," and amusing; there was much in it, too, of a profounder regard. Even in melancholy old age we do not talk of a mere pet as "such a friend as cannot be supplied." "That stroke of death, which has eclipsed the gaiety of nations, and impoverished the public stock of harmless pleasure." What nations? asked carping Boswell; but the author of the words defended them stoutly in honor of his friend, the man "who had gladdened life." There is no finer tribute to Garrick's good qualities than Johnson's admiration and love of him. Garrick was not the great man that he believed himself to be; but he bore himself modestly and sensibly under his imaginary greatness. He was gay, graceful, full of good will and good humor; one of those happy people who conquer in the end even the superior fellows like Horace Walpole, and whom less pernickety men are the better and the gladder for knowing. The grace and charm of his polished and well living century shine on in his memory.

THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF THE ENGLISH DINNER.

The season once dedicated to the sea-serpent and the pumpkin-sized gooseberry brought with it last year some changes, unnecessary to particularize, in the business of certain well-known caterers for the British inner-man, making them in their day the pioneers of a really wanted and long-waited reform. At the time of their first appearance among us during the 'sixties, Spiers and Pond were welcomed by railway travelers and others as the purveyors of honest, wholesome eatables and drinkables, in the place of food, by the way, which did not always merit that description.

The itinerary fare provided by the Great Western Railway contracted for the ten minutes' halt at Swindon had, indeed, progressively improved. Elsewhere for the most part there did not seem much exaggeration in the inventory of light commodities placed by Dickens in the mouth of the boy custodian of the food for travelers at places of which Mugby Junction was the universal and historic type. "Blown upon by twenty-seven cross-draughts," as the Mugby boy reckons, "stood a metallic object that's at times the tea-urn and the soup-tureen, according to the nature of the last twang imparted to its contents, which are the same groundwork." "A refreshment-room," he exclaims, "which never yet refreshed a mortal creature!" What need to recall the other items of the boy's bitter recital—the bony buns, the pebbly sponge-cakes, the sawdust sandwiches, and the sherry which, like the butterscotch, the unwary taster only puts in his mouth to spit out.

A new era for the "Refreshmenters," as Dickens calls them, opened with the settlement of the enterprising Australians along the iron roads of the old country. They had their headquarters on the little area between the end of Fleet Street and Printing House Square. The historic "lions in the Tower" survived to a later date than is sometimes remembered, the reign preceding that of his present Majesty's grandmother. It was the judicious feeding of sundry literary lions and others in the Ludgate Arches, appropriately decked out for the event, that in the twenty-eighth year of Queen Victoria first brought into prominence the caterers then newly arrived from the other side of the world. The occasion was a dinner to Godfrey Turner, a well-known and extremely careful worker on the nineteenth century daily Press; he had been sent to Jamaica by the Daily Telegraph that he might examine on the spot the charges of cruelty brought against Daily journalism Governor Eyre. was at that time more or less of a family party. All its members felt a personal pleasure in the workmanlike and signally successful way in which "Jupiter Junior's" Commissioner had fulfilled his duties. The complimentary entertainment was only decided on some forty-eight hours before the time fixed for the assembling of the guests. Yet that short interval was long enough for the restaurateurs to conceal brick walls and concrete

floors with hangings and carpets. imparting to the place something of the air of a country-house lounge. Few of the popular lights in periodical letters were absent. They included the three readiest and most pungent talkers of their time-T. W. Robertson, the dramatist: J. W. Davison, and John Oxenford, respectively the musical and theatrical critics of the Times. Another Times man, W. H. Russell, of the "thin, red line," proposed the toast of the evening. James Hannay, just imported from the Edinburgh Courant to write for the lately-born Palt Mall under Greenwood, joined in the oratorical chorus with a lively little disquisition on the relations of journalism with literature. Andrew Halliday interposed a short essay on West Indian idiosyncrasies; and Oxenford brightened up the feast of reason and flow of soul with a few sentences which, as I write, still ring in my ear. He would not enter into the merits of the controversy then dividing England into two camps. It was a friendly meeting, and he would end by saying, "Whether Governor Eyre flogged the Jamaica women, or the Jamaica women flogged Governor Eyre, I don't know and I don't care; but from my heart I welcome, as we all do, our friend on the literary laurels he has brought home with him from the business."

The little entertainment now recalled may almost be said to have incorporated the lessees of the Ludgate Arches into the newspaper or publishing comity, from Bouverie Street to La Belle Sauvage Yard. They supplied also another want that had long been felt. Freemasons' Tavern, in the business quarter of London, had been used for public dinners and meetings ever since 1824 when it was the scene of the banquet to John Philip Kemble on his leaving the stage, and of a function celebrating

James Watts's invention of the steam engine. At places between Bloomsbury and Salisbury Square gatherings of the same kind might be held. But neither here nor west of Temple Bar were there many places for entertainments on a smaller scale and at moderate expense.

As for the already mentioned Arches which had sufficed for the men of the 'sixties, these had, of course, been transformed into the comfortable luncheon resort known to all who had business in Fleet Street during something like twenty years. Meanwhile the business that last July found its way into the Receiver's hands had shown its ability to fulfil duties of another kind. The licensed victualers from the Antipodes were already in a fair way of becoming universal providers as well. The masters of suburban households, especially if they happened to be in the literary line, began to bring home with them not only the materials for dinner, secured at a little over trade price, but clear and practical instruction from some of the firm's own cooks as to their preparation for the home table. For much less than the "improver's" charge made by club cooks, lessons were sometimes given in the Blackfriars kitchens to the cooks of domestic life. It is to be remembered also that the impetus to kitchen reform now mentioned began several years before anyone suggested the South Kensington National School of Cookery.

During the recent Parliamentary holiday the Conservative and the Junior Carlton were almost alone in maintaining the credit of the club cuisine—chiefly because the French chefs of both were too old to fight, but happily not too old to cook. Of these establishments the former's reputation for the effectiveness of its "improvers" has at different times stood deservedly high. Necessarily, however, it has

been an exclusive sort of finishing school, and other agencies presently to be noticed have made larger contributions to recent popular progress in the art of serving food more appetizingly than it once seemed reasonable to expect. Generally, too, club masters of the culinary art rather severely economize their attention to their pupils from outside. Nor is the atmosphere of a club, "below stairs," favorable for developing the potential cordon bleu of domestic life-so different are the style and preferences of a club cuisine from the requirements and possibilities of a private house. The Ludgate Hill firm, indeed, attempted no competition with the Pall Mall and St. James's Street chefs in the matter of regular "improvers." What they did in this direction arose out of personal friendship with or interest in some of those who habitually frequented their establishment. What happened was this. A customer whom it was worth while to oblige would contrast the toothsome manner in which the simplest dishes in Blackfriars were served up with the unattractive appearance or flavor of what purported to be the same item at his domestic table. A sympathetic manager thought his customer's home grievance might cease if his cook were personally initiated into the simpler processes performed in the firm's kitchen. In this way many a modest Bloomsbury or Bayswater ménage owed many little improvements to the hints and sometimes the definite instruction of Blackfriars.

The old Manichean proverb emphasizing the place of man in creation as the one cooking animal represents his kitchen as a dualism, where the good principle Ormuzd sends the food and the evil Ahriman those who make it ready for the eater. The literature of cookery is only less old than is the earth itself. Noah's burnt offering

after the subsidence of the waters (Genesis viii, 20) forms the earliest application to an animal substance of the heat fitting it for human consumption. That at once constitutes the essence of the cooking process. The favorite, if not the only animal food of the Biblical patriarchs, unlike that of the Homeric heroes, was veal or venison; the former must have first figured in a social meal when in or about the year 1898 B.C. Abraham (Genesis xviii, 7, 8) prepared a calf for the entertainment of his three unexpected visitors. Egyptian papyri, as well as the culinary references in which Greek and Roman letters abound show that man had no sooner begun to be carnivorous than he required his flesh, fowl, or fish not only to be properly prepared, but also to be put before him in neat slices. Hence the theory and practice of carving as a fine art, taught by those who devoted their lives to it.

In the Iliad and Odyssey the feasters who so deliberately expel the desire for food and drink are the same persons as those who have first killed the game and have afterwards prepared it for the table. By degrees the principle of the division of labor introduced itself, and the hands which did the broiling were neither those that slew the animal nor served it in a form acceptable to the keen-set heroes. As became so serious a calling, the professional cook, a little later, grew from religious beginnings; the flesh offerings to the Pagan deities at their respective temples were superintended by men whose skill in the preparation of food gave them a place on the temple staff. To this the best cooks of their day began by belonging.

In a society resting upon a basis of slave labor, the domestic cook, except when he happened to be something of a priest, was a slave too. The templetrained cooks were long at the head of

their profession and its teachers. During the sixth century the Roman ambassadors who visited Athens to investigate the working of Solon's laws brought home a report of the excellence and prosperity of the Greek kitchen artists. Some hundred years later the supreme satirist of the Attic stage describes (Aristophanes, Frogs, 505-599) not only the bloated prosperity of the Athenian chefs, but their personal appearance-wielding ladle or spit as sceptre-and clad in uniforms. prefiguring with curious closeness that of their twentieth-century successors. Not only Italy, but Persia, sent them pupils, often at fancy fees. scholars in due course imitated their masters by writing treatises on the subject. The Greek cook gave himself the same airs of superiority over the Roman as with not less justice used to mark the attitude of the French towards the English. And no doubt the Athenian general, honored with a complimentary meal in the Prytaneum, partook of fare more nearly approaching to modern excellence than was done by the Roman whose triumphal progress to the Capitol was only the prelude to a banquet. But as regards the arts of the table, neither Athens nor Rome showed more approach to the modern standard of merit than in the matter of painting itself. Neither in the seven-hilled nor in the violetcrowned city did any autocrat of the kitchen achieve the same power and immortality as Talleyrand's Carême, concerning whom nothing that could be discovered by appreciative research is left unsaid in Abraham Hayward's Art of Dining, and who characteristically considered he had almost as much to do with the Congress of Vienna as his master. England can claim a share in Carême's successor, Ude, the second Earl of Sefton's chef, and afterwards the ruler of many aristocratic kitchens. Both these modern masters of their

craft resembled some of their classical predecessors in condescending occasionally to prepare the food of ordinary mortals, and to instruct others in the appetizing presentation at table of simple bourgeois dishes. The cookery manuals on sale at stalls in the Athenian Agora and Roman Forum were written, not for wealthy epicures, but for the middle orders, who studied every detail of expense as closely as is done by a twentieth century housewife in war-time. Popular manuals, possibly bearing some such titles as "Dainty Dishes for Thrifty Tables," had as definite a place in the literature of the Roman kitchen as in the household handbooks, appealing directly to the masses, published between the vears 1835 and 1850-the period that first familiarized votaries of la haute cuisine with Brillat-Savarin's Physiologie du Goût, or the more scientific treatises of Chaptal and Berthollet.

The three Roman princes of the palate bearing the Apicius name were too busy as eaters to have any time to write. The most famous gourmand of the trio, M. Gabius Apicius, found to his dismay that a table expenditure of about a million and a half English money left him with only fifty thousand pounds in hand. On such a pittance life could not be worth living. To avoid, therefore, the danger of starvation or, worse still, a second-class kitchen, he resolved on hanging him-This gastronomic model and mighty master, as he was hailed by inferior guzzlers, though he wrote nothing himself, inspired many compositions by others, and especially a book bearing his own name, written a century after his time, and forming the only ancient work on the cookery of the Roman Empire that has come down in a complete shape to modern times. It was printed at Milan in 1498; 262 years later it gave Lord

Lyttelton the idea for one of his "Dialogues of the Dead" (xix).

After Heliogabalus the secret of dining as a fine art was lost, and was recovered but partially five hundred years later by Charlemagne, who in the eighth century personally superintended the processes of his kitchen and prepared the menu for his table. The lessons in refinement of flavor and appearance learned by Saxon cooks from their Norman teachers may be gathered from Prince John's banquet in Ivanhoe (Chapter xv). In these matters, however, France did not become quite supreme till very much later, certainly not before the sixteenth century. She might not have done so even then but for a strike among the Italian artists of the kitchen, and the discovery by their employers, the Genoese merchant princes, that their French servants were excellent substitutes. The Franco-Italian rivalry thus begun reached its height when Catharine de Medici, in 1533, brought with her from Florence a set of cooks, who complained that their Paris colleagues had sucked their brains and extracted from them all they knew and more than they had any intention of imparting. At this rate, they gloomily predicted, the world's gastronomic capital will soon be transferred from the Tiber to the Seine.

Meanwhile, the Middle Ages had bequeathed to European posterity at least two books on the subject; both were anonymous. The earlier treatise, The Forme of Cury, had appeared in 1390; the English treatise followed it in 1498. During part of the Tudor period sovereigns and subjects fed rather than dined; but, though Queen Elizabeth was ravenously carnivorous beyond precedent on her national progresses, her father had promoted the addition of many new refinements to the table, had

even bestowed a manor on the inventor of a new pudding, and entertained Cardinal Campeggio so well that he reported favorably to Leo X about the state of English cookery in comparison with Italian and French. During the reign of Edward IV the Cooks' Company obtained its Charter (1482) and within living memory (August, 1882) celebrated its fourth centenary. It began to teach directly it came into existence. In successive generations its prize-winning pupils have done more than most doctors and many temperance reformers, by adapting food to the assimilating organs of the human body, to combat the excessive potations which throughout the whole of the eighteenth century originated quite as much from the hope of finding relief for the pangs of indigestion in alcohol as from a morbid addiction to strong liquors for their own sake. Hence a leading difficulty in the way of reclaiming drunkards. So at least De Quincey (Masson's edition, Vol. XIV, National Temperance Movements), who considers that even in his own day most bread, much meat, and all potatoes appeared at table in a condition making them dangerous to eat. As for potatoes especially, they are offered in a state fitting them for missiles of attack, and in principle of ruin equal to so many glasses of vitriol.

Modern cookery did not reach any point of sustained excellence before the seventeenth century. In his table supplied by artists like Béchamel and Vatel, the "grand monarch" found a fresh zest for his splendors at their zenith and a real consolation during their decline. It is worth noting that the greatest epicure of the Bourbon line did not share his subjects' contempt for the English kitchen. He had read in a translation Robert May's Accomplished Cook, dedicated to the chief gourmées of their period,

Lord Lumley, Lord Dormer, and Sir Kenelm Digby; Lord Dormer's chef had studied in the French capital, had even cooked for its sovereign, and had been introduced to the royal presence. "A propos of May's book, the nation," said the French King, "who can appreciate it, carry out and enjoy its recipes, has little to learn from the Italian and Spanish treatises, inflicted on me by their authors." The Restoration would, it might have been supposed, have brought to England many French dishes in the wake of Charles II. Nothing of the kind happened. The returned Stuart had never cared for Gallic kickshaws. His favorite supper at Nell Gwynn's Pall Mall lodging was a sirloin of beef, the whole of whose under-cut he put away before proceeding to the other parts. The last Stuart sovereign. Queen Anne, entrusted her commissariat in all its departments to the Palace physician, a certain Lister, who dates from Sholeby, Leicestershire, the preface he had written to the English translation of the already mentioned Apicius (London, 1705, 8vo). The Queen suffered from gout, and though she did not restrict herself severely in the matter of liquids, abstained from all dishes which were not certified as harmless by the pet doctor, always on the premises and constantly inspecting the ingredients used in the kitchen. No great reform in the English cuisine was fully accomplished before the Revolution of 1688. The early dinner-hours of that year and the period preceding it have caused a great deal, with very little knowledge, to be said about the extraordinary digestive powers of our ancestors. The British dinner of the Middle Ages was, however, much less substantial than people imagine. Roast joints were nearly unknown. As a fact, indeed, the Stuart period was drawing to a close before the art of

roasting had been acquired by the English cook. In place of solid food, haggis, black puddings, a preparation of various minced meats now known in domestic language as a mold, savory porridges, with much yoke of egg, called by Chaucer "mortrews," on great occasions boiled chickens with verjuice or sorrel sauce, were served. By way of sweets, there came after 1600 a species of blanc-mange made of pounded rice, almonds, white sugar, colored with sandal wood or blood and called the "rose."

Between 1575 and 1621 the modern cuisine of the better sort had been established by William Rabisha, an English cook of European fame; he was the first to serve up what afterwards became Theodore Hook's favorite dish at the Garrick, a boiled leg of mutton with caper sauce. In the twelve years of William III and Mary the ménu had finally established itself on modern lines. The opening dish of meat pulp smothered with thick sauce had been replaced by a clear soup. On returning from the Blenheim campaign the Duke of Marlborough, seated at his own table, could choose from a purée of duck, a bisque of partridges, chine of mutton, fillet of beef, veal à la royale, marrow puddings, oyster loaves, and mince pies. This little repast was served in the Russian manner from the sideboard; that, indeed, was no novelty, only a return to an older mode. It had been universal under Queen Elizabeth, had only got out of vogue with James VI, and was re-introduced and permanently established by Queen Anne's greatest general. During the two centuries and more since the victory of Blenheim the changes in the hour of dinner have received their final term. Going back a little farther than John Churchill and traveling to the Victorian Age, it will be found that every hour in the twelve between 10 A.M. and 10 P.M.

has been fixed as that for the meal on which the day's support is thrown, and which is therefore the meal of hospitality. In reality, however, the variation has been much less than in any language. Thus Sir Isaac Newton ate nothing at the household dinner at 2 P.M. "I make," he said, "my dinner at supper." The philosopher, who reached manhood just after the accession of the second Charles, was personally familiar with the traditions of the still earlier dinner hour in favor with the great ones of the earth, with, in deference to the wish of his wife, a sister of Henry VIII, the postponement of his dinner-hour from 9.30 to 11 A.M. Sir Isaac had also talked with those who could recall the alarm occasioned by Oliver Cromwell when he sat down to his chief meal more than two hours after noon. In the eighteenth century this 2 P.M. became universal, with Addison during his last thirty years and with Pope all his life; the Twickenham poet, indeed, when invited by a neighbor for 4 P.M., replied that if Lady Suffolk would keep such strange hours he must respectfully decline. Four o'clock, one knows from Cowper's Conversation, remained the elegant dinner-hour till within twenty years of the nineteenth century. Till George III ceased to reign, Oxford and Cambridge dined at four. During the regency the ultrafashionable time was six, and an ancient "Joe Miller" records an Irish servant illustrating his master's high position and mode by saying that he "always dined tomorrow."

The English dinner hour of modern times definitely fixed itself at seven in the first year of George IV. The Cabinet dinners, then it would seem first held, were arranged for that time. Lord Harrowby had become Lord President of the Council in the Liverpool Ministry. All his colleagues were dining with him in Grosvenor Square

on February 23d, 1820. A few minutes before the party sat down the host, summoned mysteriously into the hall, heard from Hidon, waiting here to see him, one of Edwards's and Thistlewood's fellow-conspirators, the details of the Cato Street conspiracy to kill the whole administration en masse. "It is well," said the man, "you are punctual, for I thought your hour was six, and I have been waiting about ever since a quarter before, was beginning to get tired, and had thought of going off." The Duke of Wellington left his personal mark upon many social arrangements of the time, and had more to do than any other single person with the seven o'clock dinner.

The constituents of the meal itself had meanwhile been influenced for good by thoughtful and ingenious persons who had made them and the human digestion their study. Andrew Clark and Sir William Gull had predecessors in the "faculty," exercising at least all their influence during the Waterloo period. 1820 Dr. Wilson Philip published a manual, that soon became classic, of practical directions for the choice of diet and shrewd comment on the qualities, tendencies, and preparation of the articles common to British Philip first exploded that arrowroot, gruel, beef tea, and "slops" generally are the proper food for the "The more feeble the dyspeptic. digestion," he said, "the more does solid food become indispensable. Solid animal substances not too much done form the best diet for ladies of impaired digestion today, just as they eclipsed everything else in popularity with the robust stomachs of Queen Elizabeth and her ladies."

Another eighteenth-century medical man than Philip, a host as well as a physician, closely foreshadowed the two chief Harley Street entertainers of the Victorian Age. Dr. William

Kitchiner spent much of his inherited wealth in feasting his friends on dishes prepared under his supervision in his kitchen, and recalling in their scientific variety Sir Henry Thompson's octaves, Sir Richard Quain's and Sir Morell Mackenzie's more cosmopolitan spreads. Kitchiner's contribution to gastronomic literature contains six hundred recipes of his own, some still useful. In that work he had the advantage of consulting the famous Hannah Glasse's Art of Cookery (1747). The last century had incomparably its greatest kitchen reformer in the Reform Club chef, Alexis Soyer, whose speciality it was to bring to perfection the simple dishes of daily life, even more than to invent the novel and elaborate combinations which, he complained, second-rate artists were always stealing from him without acknowledgment. A like charge of plagiarism in his really useful Guide to Cookery forms the grievance of a contemporary chef, M. Escoffier.

The various agencies now reviewed have all exercised some influence for good on the English table. "Everybody has the same dinner in London, the same soup, saddle of mutton, boiled fowls, tongue, entrées, champagne, and so forth." So could Thackeray write in the last century's first quarter. His description has long gone out of date, and most of the satire expended by him on tables overdone with delicacies from the pastrycook's has become obsolete. Court custom may be partially responsible for the advance of the dinner-hour in the direction of night, for Queen Victoria, when at Balmoral, was busy all day with her papers, boxes, and the Minister in attendance. She made her drive as long as she could in the late afternoon, and never sat down to the final meal till 9 P.M. On the other hand, her successor did much to shorten the function, not only by

hastening the appearance of the coffee, but by promoting the complete expulsion of superfluous "side dishes" and proceeding directly from the fish to the joint.

Competent critics have always allowed that there never was a time when a first-rate dinner in England failed to surpass anything of the same order abroad. "It is," said the most rusé and philosophic gourmet of the nineteenth century, Sir John Leech, the judge, "because we get the best cooks, as we get the best singers and dancers, by bidding the highest for them." The same authority was one among some half-dozen friends who literally traveled the world over with the object of finding in what country and beneath what particular roof one ate and drank best. Returning to England, the epicures, while the flavor of the foreign cuisines was still fresh, determined to try successively the most famous of London taverns-the Albion, Aldersgate Street, and incomparably the first among Western hotels, the York House, Bath. The ménu at both was to be British. The turtle, the whitebait, the venison, and, above all, that essentially native product, the goose, were pronounced equally perfect at both places. there had been any idea of competition it ended in a draw; for after much debate the diners agreed that if the Albion did best in the first course, the York House was just a shade ahead in the second. The average Continental visitor had no chance of initiation by Sir John Leech and his friends into the cuisine of these islands. If, however, he were well introduced he tasted at Lord Lansdowne's or Lord Stanhope's mullet, trout, ortolans, and sweetbreads, served with a perfection that was the admiration of overseas connoisseurs and the despair of London clubmen.

Soyer, when cook at the Reform, first LIVING AGE, Vol. VI, No. 267.

won for broad beans and bacon a place in the bill of fare, and prepared the dish, Thackeray's favorite, so admirably that the novelist admitted to some twinges of conscience for having caricatured the artist in Pendennis. Between Soyer's death in 1858 and Francatelli's in 1876, the precepts of both had borne such progressive fruit that in the present twentieth century the evils and abuse against which they contended in upper middle-class kitchens have practically disappeared. Increased communication with the rest of the world, the gastronomic experience of foreign travel, have reacted most satisfactorily on town and country dinner-tables. The ladies of one's family have shed their prejudice against Continental fare as consisting of mysterious and unrecognizable dishes. Instead, they actually try to ingratiate themselves with the maître d'hôtel; on their return home they surprise and perhaps delight the head of the family by placing before him a plat such as his modest West Kensington table has never presented to him before. Other personal influences have been at work in the same direction. The commissariat of the Representative Chamber is periodically, of course, abused by ungrateful and not perhaps too competent habitués. As a fact, however, under successive dispensations widely differing in kind, the eating arrangements of the people's House are well up to the highest English standard of the time. Among the sometime members to whom credit is due for this none figured more conspicuously than the nineteenth-century member for Bury, Mr. R. N. Philips, as sound a judge in all culinary matters as was his wellknown brother. To the Philips' initiative the House of Commons' sideboard owes the best cold joints in England, because it was one of his family who showed the secret of such superlative merit not to serve the

joints hot and only to begin cutting them when cold. The accomplished and learned bon vivant, who wrote the long-since-forgotten but still readable Original, Thomas Walker, thought that he might save his generation much indigestion and give it a good deal of harmless pleasure if a place could be found for him as dinner-director and general of the body politic. Our own epoch has witnessed persons not less qualified for such an office than Walker himself. Charles Skirrow, a former taxing master in Chancery, and his wife, varied their almost nightly and extremely cosmopolitan dinners at their Hyde Park house by Sunday entertainments which acquainted their innumerable guests with restaurant ménus that were as maps of a new world. Concurrently with them, the late Sir Bruce Maxwell Seton, the gentlest, kindest, most chivalrous, and widely loved of men, in the true spirit of hospitable inquiry, gave his friends the opportunity of acquainting themselves with the tavern novelties of the capital. In the ways now mentioned our dining horizon has been greatly After all, however, the widened. practical value of the process depends upon individual aptitude to profit by it. A rôtisseur, it used to be the saying of French chefs, is, like a poet, born, not made, and the mistresses of households differ infinitely as regards their power of insight into the ingredients and methods of strange dishes and the faculty of imparting such knowledge to their own domestic The great Sir Robert Peel, staff. who knew more about that matter than any other man who ever lived, and who had been the poet's Harrow contemporary, told the future editor of his speeches and papers, Mr. C. S. Parker, that Lady Byron's indifference to her downstair duties had not a little to do with the beginnings of the feud ending in the separation of the pair.

In the epoch of Lady Byron's leaving her husband, the movement for feminine promotion on every social level to higher interests and beauties had caused something like a general rebellion of wives and daughters against the dull round of domestic drudgery. It did not last long, and in the next generation the fair mutineers largely returned to their "preservings" and "picklings," their pantry performances and their pastry-boards. The bard of Childe Harold, however, had gone by that time. In his day he never concealed, whether in verse or prose, his opinion that cookery formed the first, if not the sole, duty of a useful wife. Perhaps it may have been a vague recollection of this which, when a young married lady of the Victorian Age complained to an elder of her own sex about her husband, drew from the oracle the response, "Feed the brute." Cookery regained its place in the home curriculum of feminine learning before the nineteenth century had entered on its second quarter. It suffered afterwards, first from the devotion to good works in the shape of church decoration and cleaning, brought in by the Oxford Movement, and secondly, in a greater degree, from the competing pre-occupations of cosmopolitan evangelicalism personified by Dickens' "Mrs. Jellyby." That lady's reappearance may be among twentiethcentury church or chapel phenomena. But so far she has not succeeded in convincing her secular sisters that the cause of kitchen efficiency or economy is beneath the dignity of their sex or inconsistent with the exactions of their Soyer is justly placed at the head of all Victorian cuisine reformers, the only possible criticism of his recipes being that they are rather rich-a quality not at all compulsory on those who try them. Some of the chief handbooks following Soyer's have already been mentioned. Other and much later

volumes are the Dudley Cookery Book of 1909, Lady Harriet St. Clair's Dainty Dishes, and Mrs. Janet Ross's Leaves from Our Tuscan Kitchen (1899). The ease and the merit of the advice given in these three manuals are practicable in the humblest households. With domestic cooks as they are today it is too much to expect the intelligent study of any manuals or the uniform adoption of the most intelligible hints. What, however, the maid will not read the mistress may and does; and a very slight acquaintance with the arts of the kitchen will enable her to give object-lessons of a lasting value to her employée. Women are often more teachable than men; it is sometimes forgotten that the first cordon bleu belonged to the oncepetticoated sex, and in the following manner. Louis XV had always insisted to Madame du Barry that perfection in the culinary art was only attainable by the lords of creation. The lady resolved on disproving the superstition. She secured the best cuisinière in France for preparing the The Fortnightly Review.

little banquet to which the King sat down. The royal guest, transported with delight at the succession of delicacies, asked the cook's name, promising him a place in his household. "Have I caught you at last?" exclaimed the lady. "It is no cuisinier at all, but a cuisinière. I demand for her a worthy recompense, and cannot accept for her less than a cordon bleu." The most characteristic note of the twentieth-century cookery in ordinary households is the simplicity which Thackeray sighed for in vain. pleasanter little dinners are now to be eaten than those given by a certain recently K.C.B.'d Under-Secretary of State, whose ménu after the fish and soup opens with an entrée, continues with hot ham or game, and ends with a cold sweet. This little carte du jour will recall to many the dinners at his little house in Davies Street, Berkeley Square, given by Mr. Newton, then the Bow Street stipendiary. On those occasions the fare consisted of a beefsteak pudding, made under the host's actual supervision.

T. H. S. Escott.

TOM BOILMAN.

I.

The house of Doctor Stephen Causton stood in the main street of Nether Mallow. It was a charming Georgian house in a charming thoroughfare lined with Georgian houses, and there was a row of pollard lime-trees in front of it. There had been a time when handsome red and yellow coaches, the Clarion and Speedwell and Lightning, used to come trumpeting past the house and pull up beneath the huge sign of the Duke of Ormonde, that the passengers might enjoy the excellent ordinary provided there; for Nether Mallow is on the Salisbury and Bledcaster road. But those days were long past;

and now, in place of the coaches, there came tearing through the village selfpropelled abominations which smelled and banged and hooted and very seldom stopped before the inn. Either their inmates had dined in Salisbury. or they were going to dine in Bledcaster; or, perhaps, not having dined at Bledcaster, they purposed dining at Salisbury. These infuriate machines in any case, tore up the road, killed hens and sometimes dogs, and in the summer raised clouds of dust about which Doctor Causton and other conservative inhabitants of Nether Mallow complained bitterly-so bitterly, indeed, that at length the rural

district authorities conjured up a posse of evil-looking ruffians to smother the village road in tar.

These people arrived in Nether Mallow one July morning. Thev brought with them horrible black instruments in which they boiled the tar-tubs on wheels, exuding nauseous fumes from imperfectly fitting lids, dripping blackness down their sides, and surmounted by chimneys that vomited a peculiarly filthy smoke. The operators themselves stood around brandishing jet-black ladles, like fiends from the Pit disguised as members of the Independent Labor Party. And as their devilry led them nearer to the house of Doctor Causton, that gentleman found himself obliged to close every one of his front windows, to exclude, in so far as exclusion was possible, the poisonous smoke and the odor of creosote. He inquired many times, of anyone who cared to listen, whether there was a single place left in England where a man could live in peace.

On one of these desecrated afternoons the Doctor had returned from a round of visits and gone up to his bedroom to wash, when his maid came to him with news of an urgent case just arrived.

"It's Mr. Harry Allether, sir. Pyeman and Mr. Kiss have just carried him in. He had a fit in the road, so they say."

Doctor Causton wiped his face hurriedly and imperfectly, and went down to his consulting-room. There he found Harry Allweather inanimate on the couch, and anxiously regarded by Constable Kiss and Pyeman the carrier. The former had been seeking with a moistened finger the first-aid instructions in his blue notebook. It was believed in the village that the constable's unjudicial name had soured his whole life, to say nothing of deterring him from matrimony; and

custom had never staled the joy found by the local wits in the alliterative injunction to "Kiss the Constable!" addressed to any member of the other sex who happened to be passing.

"It was this a-way, sir," he explained to Doctor Causton, who was examining the sufferer. "'E come round the caarner from the Barshackle road, just where me an' Pyeman was standing, by one o' they caaldron things they're seething pitch in, an' 'e caaled out 'Oh, Lard, have mercy!'—just like that—an' flop 'e went down in the drain. 'Tis strange, the way these fits take 'em. I caal to mind I had an uncle——"

But Doctor Causton, to whom it was apparent that Harry Allweather was not suffering from epilepsy, but had only fainted, interrupted the reminiscences of Constable Kiss, and sent him and the carrier on their way. They had not left the house before the patient gave signs of returning consciousness. He opened his eyes and muttered a little; but his first coherent words, uttered with every accent of extreme terror, had no obvious bearing on his seizure.

"The pitch!" he cried. "The pitch!" And then, in a scream, "Take it away! For God's sake, take it away!"

"It's all right," said Doctor Causton. "They'll take it away soon. Lie still for a bit, Allweather."

Harry Allweather, however, had realized where he was and had got to his feet. His face, to which a moment before, the ruddy color had begun to return, was greenish-gray again, like dirty paper. His eyes were glassy and distended with fright, and he turned his head about and sniffed at the air. The fumes of the boiling tar, notwithstanding the closed windows, had filtered into the room; but what there was so alarming in the smell Doctor Causton could not understand. He tried to get the man to lie down again,

but now Allweather was in a fever to be off. He was all right, quite all right: it was only a touch of the sun; he must go at once; and-would the Doctor mind if he went out the back way, through the garden-gate into the lane? There was sure to be a little crowd in front of the house, for many people had seen him fall, and he did not want to be plagued with their questions. . . . And as there was no staying him, the Doctor let him out by the garden-door, whence he fled away along the lane to fetch his trap from the Heartsease Inn, where he always put it up when he drove into the village.

Doctor Causton looked after his hurrying figure and wondered. The "touch of sun" was all nonsense, of course: a man who worked in the open throughout the year, who never wore a hat if he could help it, and who otherwise was in the best of health. did not fall down from sunstroke on a July day of peculiar mildness. Harry Allweather had fainted of fright, induced apparently by the smell of tar. Through the Doctor's imaginative mind, corrupted by the reading of too many novels, the wildest conjectures took flight. But as he had a large measure of regard for the man, he was also genuinely concerned for his welfare; and he sought in vain for anything he knew of in Allweather's life that would account for this seizure.

In small rural communities, where the same families have lived side by side for centuries, and where the cycle of eventless days is broken only by the phenomena of birth and death, facts and traditions are handed down by word of mouth from one generation to another, and any bizarre occurrence, however trifling, may be perpetuated no less carefully than are the tales of battles and earthquakes in the greater world beyond. So it happened that the story of Harry Allweather's alien

race and singular name was known to every soul in Nether Mallow. great-great-grandfather, it was said, at a period identified vaguely as "the old days," had migrated to the village from somewhere further in the west. He came alone and penniless; and legend ascribed his flight (as it was assumed to be) to various causes far from creditable and all apocryphal. For, in fact, nothing was known about this man: he was cast up out of the infinite with only his speech to betray his birth in the cider country; and no one ever heard his name. Why he settled in Nether Mallow, and how he lived there, were details long forgotten. From his habit of wandering about the Plain, careless of wind or flood or snow, at times when rational folk latched their casements and huddled over fires, he was given the . nickname of Tom Allweather. The register of the Parish Church of St. Nicholas and St. Jude bore witness to his marriage, under this name, with a woman of the village; and they had a It was this son who obtained in perpetuity the freehold of Barshackle Farm, three miles out of Nether Mallow on the Plain, in payment, it was believed, for some flagitious service rendered to the squire of the manor. In this farm his descendants had lived and thrived. They married and gave in marriage in their adopted parish, and for the rest lived in a solitary, uncompanionable way in that lonely farmstead under Barshackle Hill. Their peculiarities, insignificant in themselves, were noted and remembered by their neighbors. "As proud as an Allweather" became a proyerb. So the years and generations passed away: the family speech outgrew its western burr, the fanciful surname was softened when spoken, into Allether; and now Harry, the last of his race, was a bachelor of nearly forty. He was a great tall figure of a man, with black

hair and eyes and a skin burned as brown as a chestnut. For his type he was well educated, a turn for reading having been fostered by Doctor Causton, who lent him books and recommended others for him to buy. When the Doctor drove past Barshackle on his way home from some outlying case, he would usually call in for half an hour or so; and the farmer, who toward his own kind seemed as indifferent and tacitum as any of his forbears, came in time to return these visits whenever he happened to be in Nether Mallow; so that between the two there sprang up a sort of intimacy, based, as the Doctor put it, solely on the politer letters. For of his private affairs, Harry Allweather never spoke at all.

Such was the man who, on that July afternoon, was driving his cob up the long slope, out of the village as though the furies were behind him. waning hours of day, to rebuke him for his noisy flight, were infinitely calm: in the valleys, where the clay enabled trees to grow in some profusion. the foliage drooped unmoving, and the rare smoke of farms stood up in the still air like penciled scrolls of white against the blue. Even on the upland there was no wind but that of his own movement, nor in the sky, one drifting cloud, but only a film of vapor that softened the sun's heat and blurred his racing shadow. Sheep in hundreds moved almost imperceptibly along the slopes, their bells sounding; and rabbits ran and leaped and peeped upon the trenches which long-forgotten peoples had dug on every summit. But for these earthworks and the white and curving road there was no sign of human labor in all that rolling landscape, once the spire of Nether Mallow had sunk from view; until, as Harry Allweather topped the rise above the village, he could see, many miles away across the undulations of the Plain, the greater spire of Salisbury uplifted like a sword into the sky.

The scene, with this bright symbol in the midst, was never stale to one who loved the country as he had come to love it; and every time he climbed the hill and saw the Plain unrolled before him, it wrought upon his untaught sense of beauty like a song.-But that day, for once, he was out of sympathy with Nature. looked almost with horror at that austere expanse of green, which, after the passage of a thousand years, unmoved by the caress of sunshine or the whip of rain and snow, had not altered by so much as a wrinkle of turf or a blade of grass. He had fled homeward instinctively, as a wounded animal will fly to its burrow; but now the thought of his farm, sunk in its lonely valley, rose up before him like a nightmare; and he began to regret the little busy world of Nether Mallow. The more solitary hollows of the Plain are not the best havens from evil dreams. Harry Allweather had been inclined to pride himself because he was unlike, and did not like, other men; and in this, and his genuine love of Nature, had believed himself to bear some affinity to Thoreau, the But Thoarchetype of selfishness. reau's scheme of philosophy offered no consolations to one who was tortured by fear. And it was the worst part of Harry Allweather's affliction that he did not know of what he was afraid.

II.

They are a healthy folk in and about Nether Mallow, and Doctor Causton's practice was in no way comparable to that of a London consultant. In short, often he had very little to do; and when he received, two days later, a one-line note from the farmer, begging him to come out to Barshackle, he was able to ride there

on his bicycle the same afternoon. He was impelled both by curiosity and by kindliness, for the note was as urgent as it was terse.

"Dear Doctor (wrote Allweather),

—Come and see me if you can. I
think I am going mad. H. A."

Barshackle farmhouse was a low, stained, forbidding structure of stone, sunk in a precipitous re-entrant beneath the great hill. Its original owners had been noted horse thieves. and the early Allweathers were believed to have carried on that profitable occupation. Doctor Causton arrived about four o'clock, at which hour, during the summer, the farmer almost invariably was at work on his land. But now Harry Allweather was at the door to meet his visitor-and such a Harry Allweather as the Doctor had never seen before. The man was a shocking travesty of his normal self. His eyes were dull and heavy, his color was gone, his great fingers were twitching as he pulled at his beard. hand mark of fear is unmistakable; and fear-acute, paralyzing fearwas printed plain upon his face.

"I thought you would come," he said; and taking the other by the arm (the Doctor could feel the fingers jump upon his sleeve) he led him into the parlor. This was a low-pitched room, dark and sinister, as some rooms are, with one small leaded window that looked out upon a grove of elders trooping up Barshackle Hill. immense escarpment of turf lay vivid in the sunshine; the scent of flowers and grass came in through the open lattice, and a little wind moved among the elder leaves; but twilight lived always within the room itself. It seemed a significant thing to Doctor Causton that Harry Allweather, who loved light and the open air, should draw him into this winter cell to talk.

"Now, Allweather," the Doctor said

as they entered, "what is the matter?"

"I wish to God I knew!" the farmer cried furiously, swinging round to face him. "Man, I'd give all I have to know! What is it indeed? You may well ask . . .! Nothing! Nothing at all! And I'm going mad with it . . .!"

He raised his great fists above his head, so that they almost struck the beams of the low ceiling, and stood there shaking with a sudden freshet of bewildered wrath. Then his hands dropped; and, with a return to the sullen, fearful manner with which he had first greeted the Doctor, he continued in a calmer voice:

"I'll tell you what I can, though it's little enough and silly enough, you'll say. . . I came to see you two days ago without a care in the world. I never talk about my own affairs, and people think, I dare say, that because I don't gabble to every Tom, Dick and Harry I must have something to hide. But they're wrong. I've nothing to hide and nothing even to worry me-until two days ago. I have no secrets. I have thought myself a fortunate man. . . I came to see you the other day, Doctor, just as I have often come before. I wanted to borrow that Stevenson you spoke of. I put my trap up at the Heartsease (I am going over all this to try and show you how normal everything was), and then I walked down to the corner by your house-as I have done a hundred times. At the corner I saw the men laying that creosote stuff on the road. I must have smelled it as I came along, but I thought nothing about it. There is nothing very dreadful about pitch, is there? I have handled plenty of it myself before this. . . . What happened at the corner I-I can't describe. I saw the men, and the black barrels all smoking, and suddenly I went deadly sick-sick of fright. God alone knows

why. It was absolute, raging terror! Terror of nothing . . .! I could have screamed. Perhaps I did, and apparently I fainted, which I have never done before in all my life! Fainted of fright . . .! And when I came to in your room and smelled that accursed pitch again it all came back to me, and it has been with me ever since. I'm frightened now, Doctor—frightened like a child! And I don't know why. But it's killing me . . .! That's all. . . ."

He threw his hands out with a despairing gesture and walked away across the room. From the hillside filtered a delicate chime of sheep-bells, and a droning bee swung past the window. Doctor Causton found the whole business a little unreal.

"But think, man!" he said. "Think! There must be some association of ideas in your mind. . . . This pitch, now——"

"Think!" Harry Allweather cried bitterly. "I have done nothing but think. I can't work-I can't read-I can't sleep. This thing is always with me. Don't you understand that I'm really hideously frightened-now, while I'm talking to you? It's like ice on my heart. Do you suppose I haven't thought about it? It never lets me forget. It is always with me. I could stand it if it had any meaning for me, but it is absolutely unintelligible: just stark, brutal terror, by itself. . . . 'It is Fear, oh Little Hunter, it is Fear!' That is just what it is, Doctor; and I know I shall be raving mad in a week if it goes on . . . !"

He moved back to the fireplace and, taking up a pipe, began to fill it mechanically. Doctor Causton made sympathetic sounds and waited for further enlightenment.

"I said just now," the farmer continued, "that this attack, or whatever you like to call it, is absolutely meaningless to me. So it is; but

there is something more. It is so vague, so like bits of a dream that one remembers after waking, that I don't know whether it is cause or effect. It seems to me-I don't know whether I can make myself clear-it seems to me that in our brains are secret places, little cells of memory with hidden doors that fly open only when by chance we stumble on the catch. We may never stumble on it; and then the secret places are never opened in our lifetime, but are passed on, perhaps, still sealed and unsuspected, to our children. I dare say one of your philosophers has put this idea in much better words, but that is how I have thought it out; and I believe that when I came down to the village the other day and saw those men with their black ladles and dripping tar-barrels, the sight touched the spring of one of those little cells in my brain, opened the door, and let loose the horrible thing that has been lying there unknown for years and generations. . . . It has nothing to do with my life: it may be something that happened to my father or my grandfather or my great-grandfather. . . . Do you understand what I mean? Don't you think that such a thing is possible? There is no other way of explaining it. . . . And since then, during these two days, I-I have caught glimpses of what it is. Only glimpses: they mean nothing whatever to me; they are as senseless as the maddest dream. You know how suddenly pictures, that one cannot explain, jump into one's mind. These are like that, only not half so clear. . . . One such picture, if it can be called a picture, is of the men with black ladles and barrels of pitch, but these are not the same men. Another is of men in red, like soldiers. Then sometimes I see a wide square, like a market-place, with old, old houses round it. And worst of all,

there is a face—a man's face, leering and dark and cruel, with something black and shadowy falling all about it...Oh, God! that face! I can't talk of it! I can't talk of it ...!"

His voice rose to a scream, and throwing his unlighted pipe to the floor he covered his face with his Doctor Causton, sincerely hands. distressed, was still at a loss for words. It would have been childish to address soothing phrases to a man in such an agony of mind and spirit as Harry Allweather; and the whole case seemed to move in an orbit beyond a country practitioner's comprehension. Few of the Doctor's patients were afflicted with nerves, and the only form of delusion known to them was that induced by strong drink. Nevertheless, he endeavored to quiet the farmer in his best professional manner.

"You must stop this, Allweather!" he said peremptorily. "Pull yourself together, man! It is not like you to be scared of bogies."

Harry Allweather lifted his stricken face from between his hands.

"But what is it?" he cried. "What is it? Why should I be tortured like this? What have I done? I'm afraid, I tell you—afraid!"

"Go out and work," said the Doctor.
"Or, better still, go away for a while.
Can you leave the farm?"

"No!" said the farmer abruptly. "I'll not go away." He shook himself, as a dog will on leaving the water. The Doctor's suggestion had roused his old combative spirit. "I'm ashamed of myself," he said, "but I feel better for having told you. I suppose one can keep too much to oneself. . . . No, I shall stay here and work—work till I drop. I'll kill this damned nonsense! I'm not a child, to be scared of dreams. . . ."

These were brave words; but the

transition from panic to valor was too sudden to give Doctor Causton any faith in its permanence. The farmer was a broken man, whatever he might say: his drawn face and restless hands spoke plainly for any dullard to see; and the Doctor was no dullard. Once more he urged the other to take a holiday, but in vain. Harry All-weather was busy fanning his newfound flame of courage.

"Come and stay with me for a few days," the doctor said at length. "It will be better than mooning about in this dreary abomination of a house. It's only nerves, you know. A tonic and the almost metropolitan gaiety of Nether Mallow are what you want."

"A tonic!" cried Harry Allweather, and laughed. "Send me all the bottles in your dispensary if you like, Doctor; but I'll not be driven from here." And then, with an assumption of indifference, he put a question: "Have those men left the village?"

"They finished yesterday," said Doctor Causton.

"Then I'll come and see you again," the farmer said. "I'm grateful to you, Doctor, and I'm feeling better. It is only nerves, after all, as you say. They are odd things, these nerves of ours."

He refused to be drawn again on to the subject of his terrors but talked lightly of other matters; and presently Doctor Causton went away, greatly troubled in mind for his friend's sanity. To Harry Allweather's theory of bogie cupboards in the brain he attached little value. A lesion sounded much more rational and scientific. . . . And that night he was extremely annoyed because he dreamed of fiendish men in black and scarlet, and of a huge wicked face that leered and mowed at him.

The Cornhill Magazine.

(To be concluded.)

Douglas G. Browne.

NEW LAMPS FOR OLD.

BY AN OFFICER IN KITCHENER'S ARMY.

He was just back from leave, and strolled into the mess wearing that extraordinary aspect common to his type of unwashenness and general fatigue, as if he had come straight from the trenches, and not from Blighty. But when a man has left behind him all the obvious good things of life and most of the people he loves, and has been subjected to the tender mercies of the French railway system and the ingenious but irritating methods of R.T.O.'s for a period of days, he may be forgiven if his outlook on life is not exactly couleur de rose and if his face looks innocent of soap and razor. This particular person was no exception to the rule. He was frankly dirty, hungry, and thirsty, and his eyes had a look of longing and regret only faintly relieved by the pleasure of seeing familiar faces again and of settling again into that collar which most of us have worn for long, and against which, somehow, we still continue to pull with a good heart.

He sat down, after the usual greetings: the invariable question, "How's Blighty?" The invariable answer, "Oh, tophole; don't talk about it." There followed a morose silence, full of sentimental regrets and hopes, till the newcomer, having eaten and drunk, was moved to speech. "Extraordinary chap I met on the way up," he said, "had a cushy job of the best kind; R.T.O. or Base Ordonnance, or something of that sort. Honest sort of chap he looked, too; told me he'd give anything to be up in the line with us, and was dead sick of mouldering away at his little one-horse place. I told him he could have my job for the asking. He was an odd chap." There was a chorus of assent, and murmurs of "Silly idiot," "Just let him come along,"

"He little knows," and so forth, all expressing contempt for the gentleman's views of life in general and the war in particular, and intimating that if anyone was to be envied in this war it was just these people with safe jobs on the lines of communication. A few days later the battalion was in action and stormed a position which would have been impregnable had it not been for the gallantry of the men and the complete recklessness of life or death shown by their officers.

And there, correct in spirit, if not in actual detail (the infantry seldom get leave now), you have an exact picture of the mental attitude of most officers towards the war. Almost everyone is dissatisfied with his present job in so far as it means battle, murder, and sudden death. Look at any battalion, or what remains of it, after going through a fortnight's hard fighting, when they are marching back for a rest and reinforcements. In the eyes of everyone, happy and grateful as they are for the respite from the front line or the supports, there is a longing to be quit of it all, to get right away from it and never hear or see war any more. But take the same officer and give him an idle three weeks with his battalion by the sea, or place him in that identical cushy job which he once so longed for, and in two months at the outside he will be a thoroughly discontented man, and will be pulling strings and corrupting, or trying to corrupt, the morals of a medical board in the effort to return once more to active service. Which being done, he will again go through the full circle of Edwin Lear's "joy and despair, sympathy, satisfaction, and disgust."

Here is a problem for our psychologists. The novelist who once spent six

hundred pages in analyzing the hero's sensations and emotions on discovering that, while he was a man, there existed, on the other hand, a large class of beings called "women," might profitably turn his, or her, penetration upon this question: Why this universal dissatisfaction with a man's work? Why this perpetual craving for change; this curious cycle of intense fear, heroic bravery, and complete boredom? Why can no man be content with any post for more than two months at a time?

The phenomenon is new. In old days the adventurer remained adventurous all his life. Only with old age, and not always even then, did he settle down to a quiet and settled life. More usually he died in harness. The unadventurous went into a peaceful profession, and stayed there: probably the one adventure he undertook in his life was falling in love and getting married, and even that, so dull is our civilization, is regarded as the best way for curbing whatever wildness may still survive in a young man. But here is a new adventure, of vast scale and infinite detail, into which all men, adventurous or not, are drawn willy-nilly, in which a man's past is no criterion of his future behavior. Some new influence is abroad which fires men to attempt deeds hitherto thought impossible, to see sights of incredible loathsomeness, and to see them unmoved, and then-suddenlythe fire is gone, the man's spirit, for the time at least, is broken, and his one desire is for a quiet life of peace. After which the wheel swings round once more, and the old craving returns, or, rather, the man hates his work, which, though safe, is inactive.

At the back of all this lies uncertainty, not about the justice of our cause or the need of fighting to a finish, but a certain narrowness of view, and a lack of understanding of the

ultimate aim before us. Times and standards have changed so much that the old motives for war no longer hold—the desire for wealth, the acquisition of territory, or the glory of conquering a people. At least not on our side; and even the enemy, whatever ideas his rulers may have instilled into him in the past, is beginning to doubt whether he really wanted the war, or at least this war, as much as he thought he did. What indemnity could compensate for an expenditure of four millions a day for three years? No Englishman would wish to rule, or attempt to rule, a people of such mentality as the Germans; and it would be a very ardent Jingo who would not willingly exchange all the territory in the world for all the men that were ours, and then so little valued, in July of 1914. The longer the fight goes on, the more successful our drive, the more obstinate and prolonged the German resistance becomes, so much the more does it become impossible to see any immediate object in fighting except the absolute necessity of ending this German resistance once and for all, as one exterminates some plague. What we are fighting for is that we may be allowed to have ideals at all, and that life may cease to be a mere precarious and purposeless existence, and may again be reasonable and sane.

At the beginning there was a lot of talk about why we went to war, what we were going to do when it was over, and what were the minimum conditions on which we would make peace. That passed, fortunately, and the nation, after about eighteen months, at last realized that war was a serious business that could not be won by talking. Now, almost everyone is gripped by war in some way or another, and almost everywhere is this restlessness, this craving to be doing something else than what a man is doing at the present.

And the reason begins to appear. Every man feels the new leaven stirring within him. This blessing certainly the war has brought. Ideas and ideals which once seemed revolutionary and Utopian are now accepted as the merest common sense. There has been a great clearing of mists and sweeping away of cobwebs. It is the knowledge of this that is causing a divine unrest; there is in all men's hearts a growing consciousness of their own powers and a new sense of their value. Work which in peace days seemed trivial or irksome now carries a new importance. Almost every cog-wheel in the machinery of the world begins to take its place as part of a whole, instead of seeming stupid and irrelevant. miner who hated mining and the banker who saw nothing in banking but a monotonous and lucrative condition of existence now see a new significance in their professions; and those who are at the war look back with longing to the trade which once they spurned as commonplace and unprofitable.

And with the longing there comes hope. Mother Nature is very merciful and she passes her kindly hand over our eyes and ears and hearts, so that we forget the horror and the shame, and The Saturday Review.

remember only the bright heroism, the cheerful steadfastness, the stolid, dogged endurance. None of us, incurable civilians as most of us are, will return to our old niches unchanged. Even when the war is but a grim memory. its shadow-and its light-will still fall upon the way. There will be a new reason for the old things, and less talk about "not worth while." And if the remains of the old world are thus transfigured, surely all this stirring of new thought and aspiration will bring forth something worthy of the effort which has gone to its production. Imperialism, the relations of labor and capital, social reform, public education and morality—there is great hope that all these may cease to be the object of party catchwords, the fulcrum of party levers, and may become real watchwords for men of sincere motive and good intent.

That is what underlies the restlessness and mental strife out here. It is for those at home to ensure that after the war this new army of men who have found a new reason for fighting and have begun to see what is worth fighting for, are given their chance. Only then will this war have been worth winning.

R. H.

THE MINIATURE.

When I left her, Celia had two photographs, a British warm and an accidental coffee-stain, by which to remember me. The coffee-stain was the purest accident. By her manner of receiving it, Celia gave me the impression that she thought I had done it on purpose, but it was not so. The coffee-cup slipped-in-me-'and-mum, after which the law of gravity stepped in, thus robbing what would have been a polite deed of most of its gallantry. However, I explained all that at the

time. The fact remains that, in whatever way you look at it, I had left my mark. Celia was not likely to forget me

But she was determined to make sure. No doubt mine is an elusive personality, take the mind off it for one moment and it is gone. So I was to be perpetuated in a miniature.

"Can it be done without a sitting?" I asked doubtfully. I was going away on the morrow.

"Oh, yes. It can be done from the

photographs easily. Of course I shall have to explain your complexion and so on."

"May I read the letter when you've explained it?"

"Certainly not," said Celia firmly.

"I only want to make sure that it's an explanation and not an apology."

"I shall probably put it down to a bicycle accident. Which is that?—No, no," she added hastily, "Kamerad."

I put down the revolver and went on with my packing. And a day or two later Celia began to write about the miniature.

The stars represent shells or months, or anything like that; not promotion. I came back with just the two—one on each sleeve.

We talked of many things, but not of the miniature. Somehow I had forgotten all about it. And then one day I remembered suddenly.

"The miniature," I said; "did you get it done?"

"Yes," said Celia quietly.

"Have you got it here?"

"Yes."

"Oh, I say, do let me see it."

Celia hesitated.

"I think we had better wait till you are a little stronger," she said very gently.

"Is it so very beautiful?"

"Well---"

"So beautiful that it almost hurts? Celia, dear, let me risk it," I pleaded.

She fetched it and gave it to me. I gazed at it a long time.

"Who is it?" I asked at last.

"I don't know, dear."

"Is it like anybody we know?"

"I think it's meant to be like you, darling," said Celia tenderly, trying to break it to me.

I gazed at it again.

"Would you get me a glass?" I asked her.

"A looking-glass, or with brandy and things in it?"

"Both. . . . Thank you. Promise me I don't look like this."

"You don't." she said soothingly.

"Then why didn't you tell the artist so and ask him to rub it out and do it again?"

Celia sighed.

"He has. The last was his third rubbige."

Then another thought struck me.

"I thought you weren't going to have it in uniform?"

"I didn't at first. But we've been trying it in different costumes since to—to ease the face a little. It looked awful in mufti. Like a—a——"

"Go on," I said, nerving myself to it.

"Like an uneasy choir-boy. I think I shall send it back again and ask him to put it in a surplice."

"Yes, but why should my wife dangle a beneficed member of the Established Church of England round her neck? What proud prelate—"

"Choir-boy, darling. You're thinking of bishops."

As it happened, my thoughts were not at all episcopal. On the contrary, I looked at the miniature again, and looked at myself in the glass, and I said firmly that the thing must go back a fourth time.

"You can't wear it. People would come and ask you who it was and you couldn't tell them. You'd have to keep it locked up, and what's the good of that?"

"I can't write again," said Celia.
"Poor man! Think of the trouble
he's had. Besides I've got you back
now. It was really just to remind me
of you."

"Yes, but I shall frequently be out to tea. You'd better have it done properly now." Celia was thoughtful. She began composing in her mind that fourth letter . . . and frowning.

"I know," she cried suddenly. "You write this time!"

It was my turn to be thoughtful. . . .

"I don't see it. How do I come in? What is my locus standi? Locus standi," I explained in answer to her raised eyebrows, "an oath in common use among our Italian allies, meaning— What do I write as?"

"As the owner of the face," said Celia in surprise.

"Yes, but I can't dilate on my own face."

"Why not?" said Celia, bubbling. "You know you'd love it."

I looked at the miniature and began to think of possible openings. One impossible one struck me at once.

Punch.

"Anyway," I said, "I'll get him to close my mouth."

The stars represent something quite simple this time—my brain at work.

"Celia," I said, "I will write. And this time the miniature shall be criticised properly. To say, as you no doubt said, 'This is not like me.' I mean not like my husband-well, you know what I mean-just to condemn it is not enough. I shall do it differently. I shall take each feature separately and dwell upon it. But to do this modestly I must have a locus-I am sorry to have to borrow from our Italian allies again-a locus standi apart from that of owner of face. I must also be donor of miniature. Then I can comment impartially on the present which I am preparing for you."

"I thought you'd see that soon," smiled Celia.

A. A. M.

THE UTILIZATION OF ATMOSPHERIC NITROGEN.

The grave words recently uttered by the President of the Board of Agriculture have impressed the nation with the seriousness of the situation which has arisen in respect of the food supply, and more especially of the wheat supply of this country. In past years we had allowed ourselves to become more and more dependent for the supply of our staple foodstuff on the wheat-bearing lands of other countries, and we are consequently compelled, under the menace of dearth if not of famine, not only to enlarge the area of our wheat-producing lands. but also to increase the productiveness of the soil. A more intensive cultivation than has hitherto prevailed must be resorted to, and greatly increased quantities of suitable nitrogen compounds. without which the growth of vegetation is impossible, must be applied to

the soil. Of such compounds we produce in this country practically only one—a most valuable one—ammonium sulphate, a by-product of the distillation of coal; and at the present time, when the outlook is so grave, we cannot but applaud the steps taken by the Government to secure the retention within our own borders of a sufficiency of this indispensable salt, by placing an embargo on its exportation.

But if, in this time of war, when our lines of communication with other countries are weakened, the need of an ample supply of nitrogen compounds is brought home to us with especial force, it must not be forgotten that, even in times of peace, the problem of the supply of such compounds is one of the greatest importance. Not only in agriculture, but in other directions also, the demand for compounds

of nitrogen has been rapidly increasing. For the manufacture of dynamite. gun-cotton, and all other explosives, as well as for the production of dves. there is an ever-increasing demand for nitric acid and nitrates; for the manufacture of soda larger and larger quantities of ammonia are annually required; and for the compounds of nitrogen known as the cyanides, used for the extraction of gold and for other purposes, the demand is also increasing. Whence, then, shall we obtain the increased supplies of the compounds so vitally necessary for life and industry? Hitherto, our main sources of supply of combined nitrogen have been coal, in the distillation of which ammonia is obtained as a byproduct, and the deposits of nitrate of soda (Chile saltpetre) found in the rainless districts of South America. In 1913, Great Britain produced, mainly as a by-product of the distillation of coal, over 400,000 tons of sulphate of ammonia, of which about. 300,000 tons were exported; and if the whole of the coal used in this country were distilled instead of being burned largely in the raw state, the amount of sulphate of ammonia produced would be enormously increased. The recovery of such a valuable by-product is, indeed, one important reason for reducing as far as possible the present wasteful consumption of coal in its raw state. But neither our reserves of coal nor the deposits of Chile saltpetre, of which over 2,500,000 tons are exported annually, are inexhaustible, and we shall, sooner or later, be faced with the exhaustion of our supplies of combined nitrogen, and consequently with famine. With such a prospect in view, the outlook, not only for this country, but for the world at large, might appear sufficiently serious, and would, indeed, have been very serious but for the ingenuity of the chemist, assisted by the engineer. In the atmosphere around us there is an inexhaustible supply of nitrogen, and the problem of forcing this store of elementary nitrogen into such a state of combination as would render it available for agriculture and for other purposes became one of the greatest urgency. Fortunately for the world the problem has been solved, and during the past twelve years not one, but several, methods have been discovered whereby the atmospheric nitrogen can, on a large scale and in a commercially successful manner, be forced into useful combination with other elements.

As the atmosphere consists essentially of a mixture of nitrogen and oxygen, it was only natural that attempts should be made to bring about the combination of these two gases. It had, indeed, been found by Cavendish. more than a century ago, that when electric sparks are passed through air oxides of nitrogen are produced, but the carrying out of this process on an industrially successful scale was not accomplished until some twelve years ago. The first successfully to solve the problem were two Norwegians, a physicist and an engineer, Birkeland and Eyde. For the production of the high temperature (5,000°-6,000° Fahrenheit) necessary to bring about the combination, use was made of the electric arc, the discharge, produced by an alternating current, being caused to expand into a circular sheet of flame. two yards or so in diameter, by the action of powerful electro-magnets. At the high temperature produced by this discharge combination between nitrogen and oxygen takes place, and the compound formed, nitric oxide, combines, on cooling, with more oxygen to form nitrogen peroxide. On absorbing this gaseous compound in water or in solutions of alkali, nitric acid, nitrates and nitrites (used in the manufacture of dyes) are obtained. For export purposes, the nitric acid

is treated with limestone whereby ealcium nitrate or nitrate of lime, a valuable fertilizer, is produced. Much of the nitric acid is also added to ammonia liquor, imported from this country, whereby ammonium nitrate, the richest of all nitrogenous fertilizers, is obtained.

The first essential for the success of this process is very cheap electrical power, so that the process can be carried out economically only under specially favorable conditions. At the present time the production of nitric acid by the direct combination of atmospheric nitrogen and oxygen is chiefly, although not solely, carried out at Notodden and other parts of the Telemark district of Southern Norway, where cheap water-power is available. The annual production there amounts to over 160,000 tons.

Fortunately, other processes for bringing atmospheric nitrogen into combination have been discovered which can be carried out with commercial success even when electrical power In one of is somewhat expensive. these processes nitrogen from the air is passed over heated calcium carbide (manufactured in large quantities for the production of acetylene), whereby there is formed the compound calcium evanamide, which is placed on the market under the name of nitrolim or lime nitrogen. For this compound the main use is as a nitrogenous fertilizer, its fertilizing value for cereals being nearly equal to that of ammonium Large quantities of nitrolim are, however, also converted into ammonia by the action of superheated steam, and the ammonia so produced is utilized for the production of ammonium salts or of nitric acid. This method of utilizing atmospheric nitrogen is the one which is most largely employed at the present time.

In 1912, however, an announcement of the highest significance and im-

portance was made by the Badische Anilin-und-Soda-Fabrik, to the effect that, in collaboration with Professor Haber, of the Kaiser-Wilhelm Institut, Berlin, their chemists and engineers had developed a process whereby the direct combination of nitrogen and hydrogen with production of ammonia could be effected in a commercially successful manner. This process, the success of which is not dependent on cheap electrical power, consists in passing a mixture of nitrogen and hydrogen, under a pressure of 150-200 atmospheres and at a temperature of about 950° Fahrenheit, over osmium, uranium, or some other catalystthat is, a substance which has the property of facilitating a reaction without itself being used up in the process. Owing to the development of this process, Germany now possesses the means of obtaining abundant supplies of cheap ammonium salts and can thus supply her agriculturists with ample amounts of the fertilizer so necessary for the intensive cultivation of the soil.

But the full significance and importance of the synthetic production of ammonia, begun on a commercial scale only in 1913, can be realized only when we recall another process, also developed in Germany, whereby ammonia can be readily oxidized or burned to nitric acid by passing a mixture of ammonia and oxygen (or air) over heated platinum. When one remembers that nitric acid is an absolutely essential material for the manufacture of explosives, and that hitherto practically the only source of nitric acid was Chile saltpetre, the importance for Germany of the processes just described for utilizing atmospheric nitrogen cannot be over-estimated. Without some means of obtaining nitric acid, no country from which the supply of Chile saltpetre was cut off could wage a prolonged war; and it was, in-

deed, under the stimulus of the apprehension (now an actuality) that such might be the fate of his own country that the German chemist, Ostwald, directed his attention to perfecting the process of burning ammonia to nitric acid, to which reference has just been made. Owing to the development of her nitrogen industries, Germany has rendered herself independent of all outside supplies of those compounds of nitrogen without which no country can continue to exist; and but for this the present war must have ended long ago. Surely no more striking example could be given of the fact that it is the chemist who decides the economic fate of nations.

But the compounds of nitrogen are not only essential in war, they are equally necessary in times of peace, for the purposes of our industries and more especially of our agriculture; and chemists, surely, may experience some feeling of satisfaction in the fact that in the solution of the "nitrogen problem" their ingenuity has not been altogether found wanting. To make two ears of corn to grow where only one grew before is an achievement for which the chemist may surely look for some sign of appreciation and encouragement on the part of his fellow-men, and which should win for his science a The New Statesman.

larger and more widespread recognition and support. In this country, however, the position with regard to the nitrogen industries has been full of disappointment, for while nearly every other civilized country in the worldfrom Norway to Japan and from India to the United States-has been for some time actively engaged in developing the nitrogen industries, Great Britain, while wastefully consuming her irreplaceable coal reserves, has done nothing to create fresh supplies of the vitally necessary compounds of nitrogen. Cheap water power we do not possess, but a great range of possibilities exists in the production of electrical power from coal and power gas at the pit-head, and these possibilities we have hitherto done little to Moreover, the synthetic develop. production of ammonia is not dependent on cheap power at all. Great, however, as has been our past neglect, it is at least encouraging to know that, as a result of the present devastating war, some attention is now being given to this matter, and the country must see to it that every help and encouragement are given to all efforts made to produce within our own borders those nitrogenous compounds which are of such vital importance for the very existence of our people.

Alex. Findlay.

THE UNITED STATES AND GERMANY.

The Imperial German Government are never so successful as when they are engaged in defeating their own ends. Incapable of rightly estimating the character of any other people, the Germans have misjudged America even more stupidly than in 1914 they misjudged England. Even the summary dismissal of Captain Boy-Ed, Captain von Papen, and the amiable Dr. Dumba failed to impress upon

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the ineffable Herr Zimmermann the great truth tersely expressed by a Westerner in a recently published American novel: "'I can be pushed just so far,' said Cousin Egbert." We knew that the German Government thought less than nothing of the code of honor governing in civilized countries the conduct of an Ambassador, and we make no doubt that the United States Government have long

ago understood the situation and regarded incitement to murder, arson, and dynamiting as the habitual preoccupation of the German Embassy. But from these helpful works to attempting to conspire with two friendly Powers to make war upon the United States is a long stride. It would appear, though it is not yet clearly stated, that the President was aware of Count Bernstorff's dishonorable and criminal intrigues when that exemplary German was requested to take his leave. In any case Mr. Wilson must have been aware of the conspiracy when he requested Congress to accord him plenary powers of action, and that he should have founded the request solely upon the necessity of protecting American rights at sea does the President much honor. He disdained to advance a second issue to reinforce his claim, and, with characteristic acumen, perceived that the Bernstorff plot did in fact create a new situation. Piracy is one thing; conspiracy against a Sovereign State is quite another.

It was a celebrated French diplomatist who said that whenever a crisis arrives Germany commits the inevitable diplomatic blunder. Germany, all things considered, can hardly desire war with the United States, though she apparently thought that in declaring a campaign of piracy it was worth while to risk war. But in the meantime the German Foreign Secretary actually issues written instructions to the German Minister in Mexico City through the German Ambassador in Washington, thereby both hazarding exposure and fatally implicating Count Bernstorff. exposure occurs at the very moment when public opinion in the United States was not yet wholly convinced of the necessity of granting the President plenary powers, which, requisite as they were acknowledged to be for

the immediate protection of American shipping, might conceivably lead to war. Although the President might distinguish between defense against piracy and defense of the State as a whole, public opinion is less analytical; and Germany may now rest assured that her submarine pirates will be dealt with according to the law of nations. It is true that German intrigues in South America and in Japan, and in the United States itself, are nothing new; and that Herr Zimmermann's instructions are but the culmination of years of assiduous plotting and suborning and the bribing of newspapers. But it is also true that a great proportion of the vast and scattered population of the States have been either ignorant of these matters or deceived concerning them by the German-American Press. Germany, therefore, arrived at the false conclusion that Americans were oblivious of American honor and devoid of loyalty to the State; the fact being that millions of Americans were not conscious that the one was being impugned and the other derided. We in this country have always held that once America as a whole recognized the truth the revolt of the American spirit would be instant and decisive, but that the awakening could only be accomplished by Germany. No words of ours, however disinterested, could avail, and any public observations made in this country are infallibly misinterpreted in America by means of the multifarious German agencies which are maintained at great expense for that purpose.

Nevertheless, we may now not inopportunely remark that when, during the earlier stages of the war, the Allied Powers were described as standing between the United States and Germany, the statement was exactly true. Germany has long sought to push her fortunes in the New World,

as an alternative to her projects for an Eastern dominion; and it is probable that at any moment after the battle of the Marne Germany would have made peace on condition that the Allied Powers left her free to pursue her designs in South America. Monroe Doctrine is not valued in Germany, whose rulers apparently suffer under the delusion that it is nothing but a name in the United States. Undoubtedly the Ailies did not go to war in defense of the Monroe Doctrine; but having accepted the German challenge, the Monroe Doctrine and the integrity of the United States became involved in the quarrel The London Post.

by reason of the very conditions of the Not one of the Allied situation. Powers has ever asked the military help of the United States, nor will it be asked. All that the Allies could do was to convey a friendly warning to the greatest among neutral Powers of the dangers menacing it. Now that Germany herself has so admirably confirmed that warning, the Allies recognize with a profound gratification the ranging of America upon the side of civilization, menaced in every quarter of the globe by German treachery, German duplicity, German gold, German murder, robbery, and outrage.

GERMAN BRUTALITY AND AMERICAN JUSTICE.

If the Associated Press is right in the statement that the death of Americans in the Laconia disaster and the destruction of the ship without warning have been officially established, the "overt act," which was to destroy President Wilson's "inveterate confidence" in the good intentions of Germany, would seem to have been already committed when he was congratulating himself that it still was but a danger. The news of the crime reached Washington just after he had finished his speech, but it was then unknown that American lives had been The fact that at least two American ladies have perished would seem to bring it fully within the terms of what Mr. Wilson warned the Germans would "constitute an unpardonable offense" against American sovereignty. We cannot but think that the illuminating contrast between the speech of the President and the speech of the German Chancellor will profoundly impress the American people. The lofty and generous idealism of the one brings out in startling

relief the harsh and crude materialism of the other. Mr. Wilson spoke with a caution in regard to specific measures which is criticised severely in more quarters than one across the Atlantic. He protested with a pathetic earnestness against the least suspicion that the love of peace, which he has so egregiously displayed through nearly three years of anxious patience, has in any respect abated or grown cold. But, because the peace he loves, and the American people love with him, is a peace founded on righteousness, he feels that it is his clear duty to protect the lives and property of his fellow-citizens in their lawful business upon the high seas, and in protecting them to vindicate "those rights of humanity without which there is no civilization." He insisted very earnestly that it is the defense of these "fundamental human rights," and in particular of "the chief of all rights, life itself," that he has most at heart. "My thought," he declared, "is of those great principles of compassion and protection which mankind has

sought to throw about human livesthe lives of non-combatants, the lives of men who are peacefully at work, . . . the lives of women and children." They are rooted, he proclaimed, in the "righteous passion for justice upon which all law, all structures alike of family, States, and mankind, must rest as upon the ultimate basis of our existence and liberty." It is only just to Mr. Wilson to recall that throughout the whole of his long protest against the German abuse of submarine warfare he has always made this elementary humanitarian issue the solid background of his case. It was the main argument in Mr. Bryan's first Note on the Lusitania, as it is the main argument in the President's latest speech. He has dealt adequately with the legal aspects of the questions under discussion, but has never suffered obscure the large moral doctrines out of which the law itself has grown.

These doctrines find no place in the report of the German Chancellor's speech. It is in all respects worthy of the statesman who was not ashamed to promulgate in the face of Europe the proposition that the end justifies the means and that necessity knows no law. It drops altogether the simulated regard for humanity so often affected in Germany's replies to the remonstrances and the warnings of Washington, just as it renounces her pretended tenderness for American interests and her assurances of protection to American citizens in neutral vessels. Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg appears as the avowed champion of unlimited "ruthlessness." He obligingly offers to do all he can to assist neutrals in placing difficulties in the way of England's exercise of the belligerent rights which Bismarck and Caprivi have acknowledged to be undoubted, but he informs them that Germany's

decision to establish a barred zone is "irrevocable." The time will come, he condescends to instruct them, "when they will thank us for our firmness," for Germany is gaining "the freedom of the oceans" which will liberate them as well as her from "England's tyranny of the seas." This, the Chancellor remarks, known by European neutrals." We fancy that at heart their views upon the subject do not greatly differ from those expressed by Mr. Wilson. They are as Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg knows, more immediately under the sweep of his master's "destructive sword." The Chancellor exults in the success of the submarine warfare, which of course he alleges to have been far greater than the Allies admit. The true extent of the havoc the German underwater heroes have wrought amongst peaceful shipping cannot be known, he says, until the large proportion of reports not yet to hand have been received. It is probable, we imagine, that a good many of them may never be received. Meanwhile the apostle of the higher morality of Germany boasts that though "isolated ships escape"-a curious description of the thousands which since the "blockade" have entered and left our ports unmolested-Germany will attain her object "partly by sinking, and partly by discouraging, neutral shipping." The proclamation of universal piracy could hardly be more barefaced. And the Chancellor, being resolved to trample upon all law and all humanity in this fashion and to apply the Belgian system wholesale on the high seas, is obtuse enough to try to excuse himself by declaring that England would not hesitate to commit the same crimes, if it were her interest. She does not sink neutral ships, he explains, and murder neutral civilians, women, and children "only because neutral countries, and especially America, voluntarily submit to English orders." That and a few petulant references to America's supposed negligence on petty points of diplomatic etiquette, appears to be all that the spokesman of Imperial Germany has to urge in extenuation of the wickedness condemned by the The Times.

universal conscience of both worlds. He tries to think that it will pay, and the prospect is enough to induce him, and to induce his countrymen, to fling to the winds those principles which are "the staff of life of the soul" to Mr. Wilson and to the people of the United States.

THE GREAT REVIVAL IN FRANCE.

With all the evil that has followed in its train it is good to find at least one beneficial result from the war. It has led to the revival of religion in a most remarkable way.

As to this, practically everyone is agreed, and it is apparent in a hundred Perhaps this revival is directions. most marked of all in France, and there it is attributable in no little degree to the splendid record of the French priests in the Army. To many people it seemed a wrong thing that the ministers of the Prince of Peace should be called upon to take up arms and play a part in the terrible work of bloodshed and slaughter which has converted so large a portion of Europe into a veritable shambles. seemed wrong, and what was from some point of view wrong no doubt, has in the result turned out a blessing.

The spectacle of thousands of priests marching and fighting for the country and the flag has touched deeply the heart of France, and many and many a man who was, perhaps, ready enough to proclaim himself an anti-Cleric will never so describe himself any more. The bravery displayed by the French priests in battle (2,000 have been killed) has been only equaled by their devotion to their holy office. Few things are more appealing than the sight of the soldier-priest turning to administer the last consolations of religion to his fallen comrades round about. And this has been witnessed

on every battlefield of France, and it has its natural effect upon the impressionable French character, and the effect will remain long after the last shot of the war has been fired.

To those who have been brought to France by the war the manifestations of religion everywhere displayed have come more or less as a surprise, especially to those who had been led to believe from the action of many successive French Governments that the Church was more or less a thing of the past in France. It is hard, of course, to judge of the real depth or intensity of religious feeling, but all one can say is that if this can be done by noticing the attendance at church, then the religion of France is today very true and very sincere.

For over a year the writer of these lines has been with the British Army in France and has been billeted in scores of villages and small towns. Everywhere the way in which the civil population thronged the churches on Sundays and holidays was very noticeable, and in the larger towns more noticeable still. It may be that the attacks which the enemy have made on holy places have caused a revulsion of feeling in France. The ruins of Rheims Cathedral, Ypres, and so many other churches in the land have stricken the population with remorse and sorrow. Certain it is, be the real reason what it may, there has been a great revival in the devotion of the

French people since war broke out. Of course the cynical will say, "When the devil was sick the devil a saint would be," etc.

The Faith has ever been firmly and deeply planted in the French heart, and it needed but the tribulation of suffering and war to make the people see clearly the value of that which is, after all, in the time of trouble the only real bulwark and consolation for humanity. And so it has been, that through the smoke of battle the light of Faith has flamed out once more brightly throughout France, and the faces of the people are gladly turned towards it. The writer has seen more deep and reverent devotion displayed by worshipers inside the walls of semi-ruined churches which had their stained glass windows shattered than ever he has seen before. Probably more fervent prayers have been poured out before broken crosses and shelltorn statues of our Saviour in France and Belgium than were ever offered in peace time, before the most beautiful shrines in the whole world.

By accident or design, one must decide according to the measure of one's charity, the Germans have destroyed many churches and shrines and convents in the war. They present a sad spectacle indeed, but it would seem that in proportion to the ruin thus caused the Faith has taken refuge more and more in the hearts of the people with the result that in the opinion of most men Religion has been perhaps the one thing in all the world so far strengthened and built up afresh amidst the horrible ravages of war. That there has been a similar result all over the world and away from the actual scene of war is also apparent.

The fact is that the ruin and carnage has been so stupendous, the sacrifices have been so great, the horrors have been so widespread and

have so penetrated into almost every family circle that almost every human being in the world has turned to look for hope and comfort beyond the grave. Miserable indeed is the man or woman who is not assured that that hope and comfort is so to be found, for in sooth this war has made this transitory world but a sorry place! The writer of these impressions has been with a section of the British Army in the field, which numbers very many Catholic soldiers in its ranks. The conduct of these men has undoubtedly had a good effect upon the population wherever they have been stationed. The majority of the soldiers are of Irish nationality, though of English and Scottish and Overseas Catholic soldiers there are also not a few. The simple and yet deep faith exhibited by these men upon all occasions made a wonderful impression on the French and Belgian peoples.

It is not at the very best a happy thing to have one's country occupied by foreign troops, even though they come to defend your soil from the invader. Masses of men over-running villages and towns and eager for some sort of relaxation from the rigor and hardship of trench life are apt to give trouble, even though well behaved and well disposed in every way. It is always a source of anxiety to the higher command to secure that nothing, even by inadvertence, shall be done by the troops to cause annovance to the inhabitants of occupied territory. The outstanding feature of the British occupation of France and Belgium has been the fine and chivalrous spirit displayed by the men. They have put themselves on a footing of the best and kindest sort with the people, and complaints of any kind as to their behavior are few and far between.

But, in addition to the relief of the people in finding the troops kind and considerate, imagine the good impression created when the French people find that large numbers of the men are devoted to their own religion and most earnest in their practice of it. When Irish regiments are billeted in a village the church large enough for the villages becomes at once too small. It is thronged by the soldiers and the curé finds his congregation enormous, and has, in conjunction with the Army chaplains, to arrange for many services on Sunday. The General commanding a division composed for the most part of Irish Catholic soldiers informed the present writer that his division never left an area without the The London Chronicle.

local authorities, and notably the curé, coming to him to express their appreciation of the good behavior of the troops and their admiration for their earnest devotion to their religion.

There is no doubt that the scourge of war has purified the hearts of many people, and the advent of large numbers of Catholic troops into France has probably helped to bring back to some Frenchmen an appreciation of something which they may have seemed to have almost lost. Thus in one way, and a way of no little importance, the war has wrought a change for the better in France.

Major W. Redmond, M. P.

FREE TRADE AND THE EMPIRE.

The Report of the Dominions Royal Commission dealing with Anglo-Canadian trade, is of the highest importance, and the moment chosen for its public consideration is singularly opportune. It reinforces in the most cogent manner the recent recommendations of Lord Balfour of Burleigh's Committee, in which a complete fiscal reform is advocated. Canada represents the richest undeveloped country in the Empire, and the point for immediate reflection is how best to develop and to utilize her vast resources in foodstuffs and raw materials. Great Britain until the war came failed to understand the measure of her dependence upon the other provinces of the Empire. incalculable waste of material resources due to the war is beginning to enlighten the British public to the fact that unless the resources of the Empire as a whole are to be used for the common good, the consequences may be very serious. The choice with which this country has for long been confronted is dependence upon foreign sources of supply or dependence upon British sources of supply. Under the economic

system known as Free Trade all external sources of supply are treated alike. The principle was based upon the assumption that an European war was impossible; it has been a Free Trade axiom for more than half a century; it has now been reduced to absurdity. But the Free Trader went farther: he declared that his peculiar system itself must infallibly prevent war; and that delusion has also been destroyed. At the same time, another main principle of Free Trade, indifference to the alienation of the Colonies, has been made of none effect by the Colonies themselves.

We may trace the results of the Free Trade policy, of which the late Government were bigoted supporters, in the Report of the Royal Commission. While the trade of Canada has been increasing with extraordinary rapidity, the Canadian trade with the United Kingdom has not increased in proportion. There are fewer British immigrants into Canada who take up land than there are American settlers. The mail service might be greatly improved. Although the necessity of

forming a through system of cable and telegraphic communication under State control has for years been urged upon the British Government, it remains unfulfilled. Canada's imports from the United States are nearly three times as much as her imports from Great Britain. Much of the capital invested by this country in Canada has reached Canada in the shape of foreign goods, inasmuch as the British financier has neglected to secure the expenditure of British capital in goods of British manufacture. Mr. Asquith some time ago asserted that the more British capital was invested with the foreigner the better. The result of the application of that principle is that the British investor is made to finance the rivals of British industries, and is taught that it is enough for him passively to receive dividends. It is all one to the Free Trader where or to whom his money is put out at interest, so long as he punctually receives the interest. The system is profoundly immoral; but, apart from that aspect of the matter, it is suicidal. For the wealth of a nation does not consist in the riches of its middlemen and joint-stock companies but in its productive power and in the welfare of its producers. The Free Trade policy directly discourages home production, and leaves the development of British industries virtually at the mercy of foreign and even enemy influences.

Most of us remember the shameless misrepresentations to which Mr. Chamberlain was subjected because he proposed a two-shilling duty upon foreign-grown corn. That duty would The London Post.

not even have affected the price of bread at the time. Had it been imposed the price of bread today might be a good deal less than it is, for the simple reason that there would have been more wheat in the market. The price of wheat today is more than double the price before the war; and the effect has been much less than that which, as we were confidently assured on a thousand Free Trade platforms. was to follow from a two-shilling duty. Yet the same false prophets still imagine the same vain things. A duty on wheat with a preference to the Dominions is, we are told, to be an injury only less to our fellow-subjects overseas than to our Allies. As if we shall not have to take all the wheat they can send us for many years, duty or no duty, though increased home production may diminish our dependence on other sources of supply. Again, as to raw materials, we have in the Empire, given a protective tariff, all that we require, secured for the development, increase, and welfare of the Empire. But here it is urged, again, that the imposition of tariffs will alienate our Continental friends. Why should it? Which of our Allies is an unprotected country? And which of them has ever objected to placing the individual interests of a nation before the interests of other nations? Nay, that principle was expressly stated at the Paris Conference. have come to the time wher the Empire is one; and our economic policy must be reconstituted to accord with that tremendous fact.

CRAWLERS IN PROCESSION.

Should you happen to be acquainted with the dune country in the South of France, say from Bordeaux, southward, or again along the Riviera, where the

pines grow out of the sand, and the air is dry and laden with the scent of resin, acting as a balm to the lungs: if you know this land and its benefi-

cence it is scarcely possible but that you will know also certain long strings of caterpillars, anything but beneficent, which have a way of letting themselves down, when full grown, off the trees, and marching along processionally until they come to a place which strikes them as favorable for going through the chrysalis stage preparatory to becoming full-fledged moths. They are malevolent if you handle them, because the spines with which they are clad are very irritant to the human skin, and produce a horrid eruption. Therefore, it is well to avoid handling them. It is possible, however, and not without its interest, to interfere with their processional habit by means of a walking stick, jerking out one of the living links of their long chain, which sometimes runs to the length of half a hundred caterpillars head to tail, in order to watch their efforts to join up again and make good the broken connection. What has struck many experimenters of the more careless kind is that the head of the processional chain comes to an instant stop as soon as a link is jerked out of the middle, so much so that it has been suggested that a nerve message is sent from the broken point to the leader. Solution of the puzzle has even been sought in that blessed word telepathy, which certainly, if it explains anything, may explain much. It is not necessary, however, to invoke even that lesser mystery of the nerve message. If you examine carefully what occurs, you will see that muscle messages suffice to cover it all. The creature just ahead of the breach stops, feeling his follower lost to him. By stopping, he communicates the hint to halt to the crawler immediately in front of him again, and so it goes on, right through all the links of the chain, until it comes to the leading one, and, behold, the entire procession halted! It is all done so rapidly, the tug on each tail

is communicated so quickly to the tail next in the advance, that it is quite easy to imagine that the head of the chain halted instantaneously with the breach in its middle. Close observation shows you that it is not so. It is all done by muscle pull, given with astonishing quickness from one to other.

So, at least, I always have believed. But now I have a letter from a correspondent at Nairobi which certainly suggests a different explanation for very similar happenings that he has seen out there exhibited by a species of caterpillar which certainly must be of near kin to this old friend, the Bombyx processionalis of Southern Europe, of whom I have been writing. "Yesterday, while traversing a native path," he says, "I saw four such processions, the longest at least seven yards long, and the shortest about four yards. Out of the first lot that I met I took six caterpillars, for an entomological friend. The column was stationary at the time, owing to its head having been damaged by the foot of a native. The removal of the six left a gap of about eight inches, and the seventh caterpillar was very much at a loss, and started feeling right and left with the upper half of his body, but advancing very little. However, I and the boy who was with me kept heading him off from either side, and presently the boy pointed out to me a trailing thread, like spider's web, and said that it was because this was broken that our caterpillar could not pick up the trail. So, with twigs, we tried to bring the thread and the caterpillar together again, and succeeded, whereupon the caterpillar appeared to take a pull, as if to be sure that the other end of the clue was fast to the leading column. The rear column then quickly closed up until that much worried seventh caterpillar got the next one's tail in his mouth again. While this was tak-

ing place the rear caterpillars of the leading column seemed to know that a break had occurred, and tried to close the gap by backing, each one making himself long and thin, and leaving a little clearance, say, of a quarter of an inch, between his head and the next one's tail, as well as elongating himself. I doubt whether the caterpillars would have managed to close the gap if we had not helped the leader of the rear column to find the clue. As soon as the caterpillars which had elongated and backed felt the pull on the thread they seemed to resume their ordinary shape and close up. When I came to the next lot I only knocked one caterpillar out of line; and the one behind, casting about on each side a little, and then advancing slightly, managed to join up very quickly without outside assistance, although in this case I did not see any thread. These two parties, and also the third that I met, had the rear of the procession, in each case, hidden in the grass by the side of the path, but the fourth lot that I met were nearly across the path, and had a thread nearly three feet long either trailing or being paid out behind them." I take it that the point the writer is making in this last sentence is that, for all he could see, there might have been, in each case, this trail of thread behind.

Now all this is an account which might almost as well have been given of the processional caterpillars of Europe, except for this matter of the thread or clue. I write "almost," rather than quite, because I do not remember that I ever saw caterpillars of a European procession detach themselves from their leaders, even by so small an interval as a quarter of an inch, in order to try to repair a breach The Westminster Gazette.

occurring lower down. I have seen them elongating, as he calls it-that is their usual way-but they do not appear to quit contact with their neighbor. But then, neither have I seen, in the European processions, the thread, the clue. Possibly, if they hold onto a thread of the kind, they can risk a detachment, one from another, on which they would not venture without it. Still, his mention of the thread makes me doubtful whether my observation of the processions that I have seen, and have interrupted just as he did, may not have been defective. I have never seen any such thread as he described, nor have I seen it mentioned in any writing about these caterpillars; but maybe it is there all the time. Even so, the thread hardly gives hint to a full explanation of what happens, for it is not apparent how the thread is held or passed from one to another. Jason, given his clue by that much wronged lady, Medea, might hold it in his hand as he went. The caterpillar has no spare hand for the holding of the thread, and we might imagine that it would trail in a very impeding manner about its feet. So there is suggestion here for further study to be given to the ways of these processional caterpillars of Europe. It might further be interesting to see whether caterpillars of one nest would make a friendly junction with caterpillars of another, for previously to going on their pilgrimage in Indian file they live in web-enclosed masses in the pine trees. Insects of the gregarious kind recognize members of their own clan very readily and amicably and greet all the rest of their own, as of any other, species with a hostility which often leads them to fight to the death.

Horace Hutchinson.

A WAY OUT FOR IRELAND.

We invite those who thought that under the cover of the war this country could be turned into an authoritarian and Protectionist State to mark the return of the force they sought to expel in three characteristic expressions of it. Within the last few months free military service has been destroyed, and masses of workers thrust into the Army, irrespective of every other call upon their services, and with special disregard of the needs of agriculture and industrialism. Today the Press which was the main organ of this change clamors for their return. Protection was set up, and Lancashire stampeded into the fold. Today a resistless Free Trade agitation has swept away every party in the Palatinate, Tory, Liberal, and Labor. Home Rule was played with, in effect abandoned, and Ireland given over to military rule. Today the Prime Minister meets the Nationalist assault with a plea to Ireland to find a policy for him. Liberty indeed is often betrayed by her children. But she is occasionally avenged on them.

The Irish situation is indeed so tragic that we have hardly the heart to recall the warnings which in number after number of "The Nation" we addressed to the Governments that have mishandled it. But it is useless to hide the truth that between them they have left little standing on which to build it up again. They have all but destroyed constitutional Nationalism. They forced the policy of partition on Mr. Redmond, and when, taking his life in his hand, he had pledged his followers to it, tore up the treaty into which Mr. George drew him and turned him out of the negotiations they set up. Mr. George saw insurrectionary Ireland copying, letter by letter, the evil handiwork of Sir Ed-

ward Carson, and then, by way of sealing his separation from Constitutional Home Rule, took the real Irish culprit to his bosom. British statesmen asked Ireland to give up her unity without moving Ulster one real step towards an acceptance of the dual system. They put Home Rule on the Statute Book, and dared not set it to work. They saw the genius of Ireland touched to fresh, and in the early stages of the Sinn Fein movement to finer, issues, and let it fall into wildness and insurrection without one stroke of firmness in the executive power or of imagination in the field of statesmanship. They were conscious of the moral contrast between the subjection of Ireland and the claims of the Allies to act as the champions of European freedom, and yet made no serious effort to achieve a true harmony of design. They knew what the effect of that failure must be on America and on the Dominions. Yet, rather than stay the hand of one soldier, they gave fresh wings to Irish discontent, and let half the reconciling work of Gladstone fall into oblivion.

Mr. George's contribution to this book of failure was a proposal to set up another Irish Conference. To this there is the obvious objection that Mr. George's Conferences are in the nature of mouse-traps, which, after a single experience of their interior, followed by a safe exit, prudent folk are slow to re-enter. Mr. Redmond entered such a Conference, had the terms raised on him without his consent, and returned to Ireland only to find that his power was undermined. and that Nationalist Ireland would only deal with England on lines of an undivided nationality. But is Mr. George any longer a Nationalist? He may call his speech a Home Rule

speech. But Mr. Bonar Law might have delivered nine-tenths of it, and it was in effect an affirmation of Ulster's claim to veto a Home Rule Bill. His resolution went further still. It asserted the right of any Irish section to forbid a form of government which That is a partilacked its consent. tionist formula, which Ulster will regard as her charter. It invites her to say-as she does say-"I object to Home Rule, and it shall never have my consent." Even if it be consistent with a limited form of self-government for the three provinces, it is subject to interpretation, not by Mr. George, but by the George-Carson combination. In that association the Prime Minister is overwhelmingly out-numbered and Even if he has the out-influenced. will to assert the Home Rule doctrine, he lacks the power; and the Irishmen's stage exit from the House of Commons merely dramatizes the breach which Mr. George has made in a Liberal tradition of thirty years' standing.

Now we need not be in the least degree surprised at what has happened in Ireland as the sequel to the dethronement of Liberalism in England. Between them, Coalition and Conscription have destroyed the Anglo-Irish entente. In 1914, Democratic England called to democratic Ireland; and the two forces went to war together. Had Mr. George ever put his political thinking into one vessel, he would have realized that, in destroying the one force, he was bound to alienate the But Irish imagination, released from its ties, has now gone a deal further than the botched workmanship of the Home Rule Act. It has worked straight back to Grattan's Parliament and the notion of a selfcontained assembly deriving directly from the Crown, and possessing the right of independent legislation. This is the idea which Sinn Fein, in its earlier developments, restored to Irish

Translated into Imperial politics. terms, it means that Ireland is now disposed to ask for admission into the Empire as a Dominion rather than as a province. It is this change which gives life to Mr. Asquith's proposal to call in the Colonial Premiers, and require of them a re-draft of the almost obsolete Home Rule Act. Any such amendment is bound to increase the powers of administration and taxation which the Act confers, and to reduce the British Parliament's right of concurrent legislation. There serious Unionism in Ireland falls for once into line with Nationalism. Both want a real Constitution, a vital force of progress and reconstruction. revised Home Rule Act might very well reduce the Ulster difficulty as well. The Colonial Premiers are Home Rulers, but one of them, Mr. Massey, is an Irish Orangeman. whole body happens to present a rough microcosm of political Ireland. Why should there not emerge from it a scheme which would at once insure an adequate Irish Bill and a plan for admitting Ulster to its benefits as soon as she has had time to watch it in actual operation? If such a force cannot act as the solvent of the intractable elements to which Mr. George has succumbed, we must face Ireland is in comthe alternative. plete moral revolt from our authority, and admittedly there is no virtue in British statesmanship able to bring her back again. We must therefore go into Conference on the peace as the liberators of Bohemia and the coercionists of Ireland. That rôle suits neither America, to whom we look as our Ally, nor the Dominions, whom we would associate with the Treaty, while it exposes us to a mortal thrust from our Austro-German antagonists. The answer to the dilemma is clear. Our own Colonial system has given us a New Ireland, arisen from the ashes

of the old discontents. There lies an obvious resource of politics, no less The Nation.

than a promising cure of a deep-set malady in our governing system

"TREACHERY ON AMERICAN TERRITORY."

While the ames damnées of Pacifism have been desperately suggesting in Congress that the Zimmermann dispatch is a forgery, its author has himself come forward to avow and to defend it. Herr Zimmermann's confessions to an American journalist and the inspired Berlin telegram which reaches us through Amsterdam must sweep away the last lingering doubts of the sceptical or the indifferent across the Atlantic. They admit the genuineness of the dispatch and they admit that the German Foreign Office sent it, while that Office was still proclaiming its regard and admiration for America and its profound respect for Mr. Wilson's ideals. It was Germany's duty, they explain, to "take precautions in time." These were. however, strictly contingent. Minister in Mexico was not to offer Carranza an alliance, financial support, and the recovery of New Mexico, Texas, and Arizona, unless the United States defended themselves against the new piracy. He must "know for certain" that America was going to war before he committed himself. Then he was to arrange the details. Zimmermann can see no unfriendliness in a plot of the kind. The most important feature in it is that it was conditional. If America did not choose to submit to Germany's fashion of vindicating the "freedom of the seas," she must suffer, as Belgium and Roumania have suffered, for her folly in not bowing to the law imposed upon her. Like all other Powers, great and small, she has only to give way and Germany will spare her. But then, as Herr Zimmermann perceives, she is not showing any disposition to bow

down before the All Highest. "The Mexican revelations have done their work with a vengeance," and these graceless Democrats greet the explanations of the Wilhelmstrasse with mocking laughter. Senator Stone and his pro-German associates, by an abuse of the rules of the Senate, have killed the Bill arming the President with the powers for which he asked. But he has the nation behind him in the fullest exercise of his constitutional rights. How wide these rights are has often been proved by vigorous action.

Despite the "pleasing openness," which the Lokalanzeiger admires in the German avowals, they do not confess all. Two omissions are particularly striking. They say nothing whatever about the instructions to Herr von Eckhardt in regard to Japan, and they are silent as to Count Bernstorff's part in the plot. The German Minister was to try to get Carranza to communicate with Japan "on his own initiative"-so as to hide Germany's hand-and to propose that she should desert her Allies. Mexico, the Japanese Minister for Foreign Affairs has tartly remarked, showed intelligence in not transmitting the proposal. The most chivalrous nation of the Far East is even now doing invaluable services to the Allies whom Germany underhand invites her to betray. The fact that Count Bernstorff conspired to provoke foreign Powers to make war in certain events upon the State to which he was accredited is justly regarded in America as the most disgraceful feature in the whole episode. To this the Germans have no reply to make. They are greatly puzzled how such

clever plotters as they think themselves can have been found out, and very angry that they have been exposed. They can think of but one solution. "It appears," they solemnly remark, "that treachery has been committed on American territory." The Times.

That is a conclusion which most of us reached long ago, and which the American masses have been reaching very rapidly within the last few days. The Germans are quite right, and everybody knows by whom the treachery has been committed.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Walter Lippmann's striking and illuminating book "The Stakes of Diplomacy"-one of the sanest and most suggestive discussions of the issues involved in the war, and the relations of the United States to the belligerents -is now published by Henry Holt & Co. in a second and cheaper edition. In this form, it should have a wide circulation, the more so because the Preface, written last January, brings the discussion down to that date. Readers of the earlier edition will be interested to notice that the later developments incline Mr. Lippmann to take a more favorable view of the possibilities of a League to Enforce Peace.

The importance and vital interest of J. W. Headlam's little book "The Issue" (Houghton Mifflin Co.) are out of all proportion to its modest size. Mr. Headlam's researches in the preparation of his "Life of Bismarck" and of various articles on German and Austrian subjects for the Encyclopædia Britannica have given him a clearer idea of German opinions and ambitions than most Englishmen possess, and the articles which he contributed last year to The Nineteenth Century and After upon the utterances of the German Chancellor and Prince von Bülow and the manifestoes of the German economic associations attracted wide attention. These articles, three in number, together with an article contributed to the Westminster Gazette last May, make up the present volume, prefaced with an Introduction of about forty pages, reviewing the later developments of German policy. Whoever seeks a compact and authoritative statement of German aims in the present war, and of the conditions and concessions which must go to the making of a peace satisfactory to the German leaders will find it in this book.

David Graham Phillips, whose society and problem stories followed each other in swift succession, beginning with "The Great God Success" in 1901, left at his death the longest and perhaps the most poignant story of all, "Susan Lennox: Her Fall and Rise," which, although it had been completed some years before, he had hesitated to publish. It is now published in two volumes by D. Appleton & Company. It is a minute and painful study of life in the underworld,the central figure a woman who comes into life a child of shame, passes through girlhood an object of suspicion and reproach, marries early and unhappily, and sinks lower and lower until she becomes a woman of the street. The author's obvious purpose to promote a more equitable apportionment of moral values and responsibilities than that now prevailing is a redeeming feature of a story which would otherwise be unspeakably distressing and insufferably prolix.

Donald Hankey's "A Student in Arms" (E. P. Dutton & Co.) holds

a unique place in the literature of Other books have the great war. described campaigns and battles, life in the trenches, the sufferings of civilians, hospital experiences, the exploits of aeroplanes and submarines, and all the external aspects of the struggle. This book gives an intimate view of what goes on within the mind of the average British soldier in camp, in battle and afterward,-the "Tommy" of "Kitchener's Mob." The twenty essays and sketches which make up the book were contributed to The Spectator from time to time, without any disclosure of the identity of the writer until his death late last October in the fighting on the Western Front. Donald Hankey went out as a private, and was promoted to the rank of a minor officer by reason of his bravery in action. He was capable of seeing the best in every man, and his friendliness and sympathy won for him the love of all who served under him. Perhaps the best of the chapters are those on "The Beloved Captain," "The Cockney Warrior," "The Religion of the Inarticulate," "Of Some Who Were Lost and Afterward Were Found" and "The Making of a Man," but whoever once opens the book will fall swiftly under its spell and will read it through to the end.

Edgar Lee Masters made too spectacular a success to lack disciples. Disciples he has had a-many. The latest, Henry B. Fuller, who attempts to pick up the typical lives of a number of men and women, not in a cemetery but in a town, fails of reaching the naked outspokenness of his master. As it was this "twitching the last garment off" which gave Spoon River its wide celebrity, Mr. Fuller can scarcely hope for so universal a reading of "Lines Long and Short," in which, with a not-too-bitter satire, he takes up the society woman, the old beau bachelor,

the spinster artist, and with a rhythmic swing of un-rhymed lines throws them before us one by one. The opening lines of "The Statue" are a fair sample of his work:

The wedded life
Of Mr. and Mrs. Harvey D. Mason
Was ideal—
Had been for thirty years.
Everybody said so,
And everybody was right.

Houghton Mifflin Co.

That "people who live next door" always play the piano badly is a well known sociological truth, but that their five children should persistently revel in about twenty-five sorts of naughtiness is uncommon, and Miss Belle Kanaris Maniates has, in her "Our Next-door Neighbors," produced a story which should be many times read, both for pleasure and for instruction. The five Polydores, Ptolemy, Pythagoras, Diogenes, Emerald and Demetrius, being left alone by their parents, quarter themselves upon a young married pair living in the next house and assiduously practise about five sorts of naughtiness and all the sins known to them and some of a nature unknown to "Helen's Babies," or any similar chronicle. The mildest touch of a love-story is added for those who must have their romance, but those disapproving of such frivolities, may laugh joyously from end to end of the tale. Little, Brown & Co.

A new detective story by Carolyn Wells is "The Mark of Cain." On a June afternoon at about five o'clock Rowland Trowbridge is discovered in Van Courtland Park, New York, dying of a wound apparently made by a knife. The Swede who discovers him just before his death reports that Trowbridge's last words were "I am murdered. Cain killed me. Wilful murder!" As Trowbridge had a

nephew named Kane Landon who was known to have quarreled with his uncle about money matters the dying man's utterance is taken by some to refer to this young man. Others disagree with this view and suspicion rests heavily upon several others. Fleming Stone, the great detective of Miss Wells's stories, takes up the case but he is materially assisted by Fibsey McGuire, the little red-haired office boy who was formerly employed by Trowbridge. Fibsey is a delightfully human, humorous addition to a mystery story and his self-imposed detective work is keenly amusing. There is a lively love element in the story, which, together with the humor and the absorbing interest attached to the unraveling of the plot, give the book a threefold charm. J. B. Lippincott Co.

"Greater than the Greatest" by Hamilton Drummond is a romance of the thirteenth century in Italy and centers about the struggle between Pope Gregory IX and Emperor Frederick the Second in regard to the latter's promised crusade. A young kinswoman of Cardinal Pandone, Bianca Pandone, is sent to the court of Frederick at Capua to find out by fair means or foul whether the Emperor intends to sail for Palestine at the time he had vowed. Bianca is so much stronger and finer than the atmosphere of intrigue and corruption which surrounds her that she accomplishes her end without treachery and without being contaminated. The Pope, Cardinal Pandone and the members of his household, the Emperor, and Bianca's lover and the girl herself are extraordinarily lifelike against the mediæval background. The book is dignified and colorful and has none of the ponderousness of description and language so often

characteristic of novels which strive to re-create a bygone period. Its tone is elevated and, at the same time, very human, and it is one of the most readable of recently published historical novels. E. P. Dutton & Co.

The reader of Gertrude S. Mathews's story "Treasure" (Henry Holt & Company) may be somewhat perplexed to know at just what point fiction begins, and veritable narrative of personal experience leaves off, but, whatever his conclusions may be as to that question, he will find the tale a beguiling one. It is a story of minehunting in South America,-the quest for gold by a man who is fully furnished with all the ideas and habits of civilization, but possessed of a love for the wild, and a ready sympathy with those whose lot is east in it. The story is told in the first person, which gives it a convincing aspect of reality, which is enhanced by the numerous illustrations from photographs of the scenes and incidents described. adventure follows another swiftly. and the story ends with the narrator craving yet more experiences of the wild and about to enter upon them.

Dorothy Donnell Calhoun's "The Princess of Let's Pretend" (E. P. Dutton & Co.) is a cheering indication that, in a world which at present seems to be largely made up of hard and cruel facts, the old-fashioned fairy story, in which everything turns out right, and there is always a satisfactory interposition at just the proper moment, has not wholly gone out of vogue. There are ten stories in the book, some of them new, and some retellings of old tales, but all of them marked by a flavor and humor which will endear them to young readers .all the more because they are decorated with thirty or more illustrations.